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THE QUATRAINS

OF

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

THE PERSIAN TEXT WITH AN ENGLISH VERSE TRANSLATION.

BY

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. . . . "*A mind*
Not wholly clear, nor wholly blind.
Too keen to rest, too weak to find,
That travails sore, and brings forth wind."

M. Arnold.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

Ghiás uddín Abul Fath Omar bin Ibrahím Al Khayyám was a native of Nishapúr, one of the principal cities of Khorásan. According to the preface of the Calcutta MS., he died in 517 A.H., during the reign of Sultan Sanjar. The date of his birth is nowhere mentioned, but he was contemporary with Nizám ul Mulk, the celebrated Wazir of the Seljuk kings Alp Arslan and Malik Shah; and Nizám ul Mulk has left the following notice of him in his *Wasáyá*, or Testament*:—

"Imám Muaffik of Nishapur—(may Allah rest his soul!)—was one of the most learned men in Khorásan, and was held in the highest honour and reverence. He lived to over eighty-five years of age, and it was the common opinion that all youths who read the Koran, and learned the Traditions under him, would attain to wealth and fortune. For this cause my father sent me, in charge of the lawyer 'Abd us Samad, from Tús to Nishapúr, in order that I might apply myself to study and discipline

* This passage is preserved in Mirkhond's *History of the Assassins*, in Khondemir's *Habíb us Siyar*, and in the *Dabistán*. It is given in full in *Notices et Extraits des MSS.*, ix. 143.

in the class of that eminent person. He on his part regarded me with affection, and I for mine showed such attachment and devotion to his service that I continued with him for the space of four years. There had lately joined his class Hakím Omar Khayyám, and that miscreant Hasan ibn Sabah, both of whom were of the same age as I was, and equally remarkable for excellence of intelligence and power of intellect. We became friends, and when we went out from the Imám's class we used to repeat to one another the lesson we had just heard .... One day that miscreant Hasan said to us,—'It is the general opinion that the disciples of Imám Muaffik attain to fortune, and no doubt one of us will do so, even though all may not. What agreement or compact is there now between us?' I said, 'Whatever you please.' He answered, 'Whichever of us may attain to fortune shall share it with the others, and not engross it himself.' We agreed to these terms, and a compact was made accordingly. Time passed on. I went from Khorasán to Máwará un Nahr and Ghazní and Kábul, and on my return I was preferred to the post of Wazir to Sultan Alp Arslan (455 A.H.). At that time Hakím Omar Khayyám came to me, and in regard to him I carried out all the requirements of the compact, and the obligations of my engagement. On his arrival I received him with all honour and distinction, and afterwards I said to him, 'A man of your ability ought to be a servant of the Sultan, and since, according to our agreement, while we were with Imam Muaffik, I am bound to share my position with you, I will recount your merits to the Sultan, and will so impress on his

mind your abilities and attainments, that you shall be preferred to a post of trust like mine.' But Hakím replied (after compliments), 'The greatest favour you can do me is to let me live in retirement, where, under your protection, I may occupy myself in amassing the riches of learning and in praying for your long life.' And to this language he steadfastly adhered. When I perceived that he spoke in sincerity, and not out of mere etiquette, I assigned him a yearly stipend of 1200 gold *miscals*, payable from the Nishapur treasury. He then went back to Nishapur, and applied himself to the study of the sciences, especially astronomy, in which he afterwards attained a high degree of accomplishment. Later on, in the reign of Sultan Malikshah (465 to 485 A.H.), he came to Merv, in the height of his philosophical repute; and the Sultan conferred many favours upon him, and raised him to the highest posts attainable by men of science."

Nizám ul Mulk goes on to recount the subsequent history of Hasan Sabah,—how by his aid Hasan obtained a post at court, and repaid his kindness by intriguing against him,—how Hasan then fled from Khorásán, and joined the infamous sect of Ismailians, or Assassins, and afterwards became their chief, under the name of *Shaikh ul Jabal*, or Old Man of the Mountain.

This narrative reads so circumstantially that one can hardly do otherwise than accept it, but in that case Nizám ul Mulk's birth must be placed at least twenty years later than 408,* the date given both by Ibn

* See Vuller's *Geschichte der Seldschuken*, p. 107, note.

Khallikán and Abul Faraj; or else the accepted dates of Omar's and Hasan's deaths (517 and 518 A.H.) must be abandoned for others at least twenty years earlier.

Omar's appointment at Merv mentioned by Nizám ul Mulk was, as we learn from Abul Feda, that of Astronomer Royal. Whilst holding this office Omar compiled some astronomical tables called *Zíj i Maliksháhi,* of which mention is made by Haji Khalfa, and in collaboration with seven other astronomers effected a reform of the old Persian Calendar, somewhat similar to the reform of the Julian Calendar, made under the auspices of Pope Gregory XIII. five centuries afterwards. The object of both reforms was to make the civil year coincide more exactly with the cycle of the seasons, and in both instances this object was sought to be accomplished by an improved system of intercalation. M. Reinaud, the editor of Abul Feda's Geography, says that some authorities even prefer Omar's system to that adopted by Pope Gregory.* The amended reckoning ran from the 10th Ramazán, 471 A.H., and was called *Taríkh i Jaláli,* after the reigning monarch, Sultan Jaláluddin Malikshah.

Omar was also highly distinguished as a mathematician. A work of his on Algebra has been edited and translated by M. Woepke of Bonn, and another, "On the Difficulties of Euclid's Definitions," is preserved in the Leyden Library. His work on Algebra enjoyed a high reputation for several centuries. Ibn Khaldun

* See Reinaud, *Geographie d'Abulfeda,* Prolegomena, p. ci.

refers to it in his Prolegomena, and Haji Khalfa quotes the commencement. M. Woepke praises him for his power of generalization and his rigorously systematic procedure.

In his preface M. Woepke quotes from a MS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale, an abridgment of a notice of Omar in Shahrastáni's *Taríkh ul Hukama*. As Shahrastáni was born in 479 A.H., and during some part of his life resided at Nishapur,* he is a very good authority for the facts recorded by him, though it is evident he was no friend to Omar. The passage is as follows:—

"Omar Al Khayyám, Imám of Khorásán, and the greatest scholar of his time, was versed in all the learning of the Greeks. He was wont to exhort men to seek the One Author of all by purifying the bodily actions in order to the sanctification of the soul. He also used to recommend the study of Politics as laid down in Greek authors. The later Sufis have caught at the apparent sense of parts of his poems and accommodated them to their own Canon, making them a subject of discussion in their assemblies and conventicles, but the esoteric sense consists in axioms of natural religion and principles of universal obligation. When the men of his time anathematized his doctrines, and drew forth his opinions from the concealment in which he had veiled them, he went in fear of his life, and placed a check on the sallies of his tongue and his pen. He made the pilgrimage, but it was from accident rather than piety, still betraying his

* See Haarbrücher's translation of the *Kitab al Milal wan Nihal*, Preface, p. xi.

unorthodox views. On his arrival at Baghdad the men who prosecuted the same ancient studies as he flocked to meet him, but he shut the door in their faces, as one who had renounced those studies and cultivated them no longer. On his return to his native city he made a practice of attending the morning and evening prayers, and of disguising his private opinions, but for all that they were no secret. In astronomy and in philosophy he was without a rival, and his eminence in those sciences would have passed into a proverb had he only possessed self-control."

Shahrastáni's view of Omar's character appears to have been the one generally accepted by the literary men of Islam, as Abul Feda, who lived about 200 years later, writes much in the same strain, lamenting his being so much addicted to poetry and pleasure.

In an essay by the celebrated Ghazzáli of Tús, who was, like Shahrastáni, a contemporary of Omar's, there is a passage in which Omar is not improbably referred to as an example of the sceptical habit of mind induced by scientific pursuits.*

The following story of Omar in his old age is given in the preface to the Calcutta MS. on the authority of Nizámi of Samarkand, one of his disciples :—

"I chanced to meet Maulana Omar in a garden, and in course of conversation he said, 'My tomb shall be in a certain place where each breath of the north wind shall shower down roses upon it.' I marvelled at

* See Schmölders, *Essai sur les écoles philosophiques chez les Arabes*, p. 115. Ghazzáli was born in 450.

that saying, thinking that he spoke idly. Afterwards I came to Nishapur on many occasions and visited his tomb, and it was outside a garden, and the fruit trees reached out their branches over the wall of the garden, and had dropped their blossoms over his tomb, so that it was hidden beneath them."

II.

The great difficulty in the way of arriving at a satisfactory text of Omar's poems arises from the exceeding variety and discrepancy of the materials. We look in vain for anything approaching to a "*Textus Receptus.*" What may be called the Lower Bengal family of MSS., represented by the Asiatic Society's MS., the two India Office MSS., and the Calcutta edition, do indeed offer a tolerably uniform text, but their claim to be the best representatives of the genuine text is overthrown by their want of agreement with the Persian and Oude MSS. The Persian MSS. do not even agree with one another, the Bodleian MS., which was written at Shiráz in 865 A.H., being altogether different from the MS. lithographed at Teheran and afterwards reprinted by M. Nicolas. The Oude, or Upper India MSS., again, to which belong the one lithographed at Lucknow, and probably also the Cambridge MS., include a very large number of quatrains not found elsewhere. The number of quatrains seems to increase in proportion to the modernness of the MS. Thus the old Bodleian MS. contains only 158, and the two Paris MSS. (which are both of the tenth century) only 175 and 213, while the modern Cambridge copy contains no less than 801. A

lady who has collated all the MSS. of Omar in Europe tells me she has found in one place and another no less than 1200 quatrains attributed to him. She has, however, in an article in *Frazer* for May 1879, expressed the opinion that the number of genuine quatrains is not more than 250 or 300, and I am inclined to think this estimate high enough. But when one comes to consider which particular quatrains are to be pronounced genuine, and which imitations, it is not always easy to form a confident decision. The state of the case is this:—Out of all the quatrains passing under Omar's name hardly any stand alone. Almost every one belongs to a family, more or less numerous, to the other members of which it bears a strong family likeness. One can say with some confidence that all these replicas, paraphrases and variations of the same ideas can hardly be the work of one and the same hand; but to distinguish with certainty the handiwork of the master from that of his imitators is a task probably beyond the powers of any foreign critic living 800 years after the poems in question were written.

In this difficulty, the rule I follow is to give what seem the best specimens of each class of quatrains, and to exclude the rest. In accordance with this rule, I exclude, in particular, a large number of quatrains in praise of wine, and exhortations to live for the day, which recur in the MSS. with most wearisome frequency. I cannot of course feel sure that the quatrains I retain are in all cases the identical ones written by Omar; all I pretend to do is to give samples of each class of quatrains attributed to him.

Another cognate difficulty is this, that many of the quatrains ascribed to Omar are also attributed to other poets. I have marked a few of these in the notes, and, doubtless, careful search would bring many more to light. It might be supposed that the character of the language employed would be sufficient to differentiate the work of Omar at any rate from that of poets writing two or three centuries after his time, but, as observed by Chodzko, the literary Persian of 800 years ago differs singularly little from that now in use. Again, if, as has been supposed, there were anything exceptional in Omar's poetry, it might be possible to identify it by internal evidence; but the fact is that all Persian poetry runs very much in grooves, and Omar's is no exception. The poetry of rebellion and revolt from orthodox opinions, which is supposed to be peculiar to him, may be traced in the works of his predecessor Avicenna, as well as in those of Afzul Káshi, and others of his successors. For these reasons I have not excluded any quatrains on account of their being ascribed to other writers as well as Omar. So long as I find fair MS. authority for such quatrains, I include them in the text, not because I am sure Omar wrote them, but because it is just as likely they were written by him as by the other claimants. Of course a text formed on these principles cannot be a very satisfactory one, but, on the other hand, it is useless for an editor to pretend to greater certainty than the case admits of.

The text has been framed from a comparison of the following authorities:—

I. The Bodleian MS., No. 140 of the Ouseley Collection, containing 158 quatrains.

II. The Calcutta Asiatic Society's MS., No. 1548, containing 516 quatrains.

III. The India Office MS., No. 2420, ff. 212 to 267, containing 512 quatrains.

IV. The India Office MS., No. 2486, ff. 158 to 194, containing 362 quatrains.

V. The Calcutta edition of 1252 A.H., containing 438 quatrains, with an appendix of 54 more, which the editor says he found in a *Bayáz*, or common-place book, after the others had been printed.

VI. The Paris edition of M. Nicolas, containing 464 quatrains.

VII. The Lucknow lithographed edition, containing 763 quatrains.

VIII. A fragment of an edition begun by the late Mr. Blochmann, containing only 62 quatrains.

I have also consulted the Cambridge MS., for the purpose of settling one or two readings, but have not collated it throughout.

I have not given the various readings, except in cases of special importance. For every reading in the text there is MS. authority of some kind or other: there are only two cases, or three at the most, in which I have been driven to "the desperate resource of a conjecture," and these are indicated in the notes. The authorities for each quatrain are also given in the notes.

In editing the text, I have paid special attention to the prosody, marking all poetical contractions, and noting all peculiarities of metre and scansion.

I have also made a point of marking the *izáfat* wherever it occurs. "The omission of this," says Lumsden, "is undoubtedly a great defect in Persian writing, insomuch that I am not certain whether it has not been the cause of more obscurity than would result from the omission of all the prepositions."

There is some difference of precept and practice as to the proper way of marking the *izáfat* after the semi-vowels. For instance, some grammarians, speaking loosely, say that after *alif*, *waw* and silent *he*, the *izáfat* is expressed by *hamza* or *ya*. What they mean to say is, by *hamza i maksúr*, or *ya i maksur*,—"*kasra* bearing" *hamza* or *ya*. One has only to scan a verse containing one of these *hamzas* or *yas* to see that they are always followed by *kasra* expressed or understood. For the *izáfat*, wherever it occurs, invariably adds a syllable to the word preceding it, and no Persian syllable consists of less than one consonant and one vowel. The fact is, the *izáfat*, when expressed, is always expressed by *kasra*. If the preceding letter be silent *he*, *hamza* is substituted for it, because, as Vullers says, silent *he* "*tenuior est quam ut vocalem ferre queat.*" So if the preceding letter be *alif* or *waw*, used as letters of prolongation, "*littera ya euphonica in fine adjicitur quæ genitivi signum i accipiat.*" And for this *ya*, *hamza* is often substituted.

So far the matter is pretty plain, but as regards the *izáfat* after words ending in *ya* there is more room for doubt. Lumsden says the *izáfat* in this case ought to be written with a *kasra*, Vullers with *kasra*, *hamza* being sometimes superscribed, sometimes not, Mirza Ibrahim with *hamza* only. Brockhaus, in his *Hafiz*,

writes *kasra* after *ya* used as a consonant, as in such words as *páy* and *rúy*, but *hamza* or *hamza i maksúr* after *ya* used as a letter of prolongation, as in words like *sáki*. Blochmann, on the other hand, says the use of *hamza* in this last case is wrong, because "it reduces the *ya* to a mere vowel," *i.e.* prevents it serving as a consonant to support the *kasra* following. I venture to question this dictum, because it is controverted by Blochmann's own practice (Prosody, p. 95, Example 5), and because there is good MS. authority for the use of *hamza* in this case. For my part, I believe that it is allowable to mark the *izafát* after *ya* of any kind with *kasra* or *hamza i maksúr* indifferently. In the first case, the *ya* itself serves as a consonant supporting the *kasra*; in the second, the *hamza* seems to be substituted for the *ya*, just as it is substituted for silent *he*. Availing myself of this option, I always write *kasra* for the *izáfat* after *ya*, whether the *ya* be a consonant or a letter of prolongation. In the latter case, the long vowel is dissolved in scanning into its component letters *ĭ* and *y*, and the *y* is set free to support the *kasra* of the *izáfat* following it.

III.

Omar is a poet who can hardly be translated satisfactorily otherwise than in verse. Prose does well enough for narrative or didactic poetry, where the main things to be reproduced are the matter and substance; but it is plainly contra-indicated in the case of poetry like Omar's, where the matter is little else than "the commonplaces of the lyric ode and the tragic chorus,"

and where nearly the whole charm consists in the style and the manner, the grace of the expression and the melody of the versification. A literal prose version of such poetry must needs be unsatisfactory, because it studiously ignores the chief points in which the attractiveness of the original consists, and deliberately renounces all attempt to reproduce them.

In deciding on the form to be taken by a new translation of Omar, the fact of the existence of a previous verse translation of universally acknowledged merit ought not, of course, to be left out of account. The successor of a translator like Mr. Fitzgerald, who ventures to write verse, and especially verse of the metre which he has handled with such success, cannot help feeling at almost every step that he is provoking comparisons very much to his own disadvantage. But I do not think this consideration ought to deter him from using the vehicle which everything else indicates as the proper one.

As regards metre, there is no doubt that the quatrain of ten-syllable lines which has been tried by Hammer, Bicknell, and others, and has been raised by Mr. Fitzgerald almost to the rank of a recognised English metre, is the best representative of the *Rubá'í*. It fairly satisfies Conington's canon, viz. that there ought to be some degree of metrical conformity between the measure of the original and the translation, for though it does not exactly correspond with the *Rubá'í*, it very clearly suggests it. In particular, it copies what is perhaps the most marked feature of the *Rubá'í*,—the interlinking of the four lines by the repetition in the fourth

line of the rhyme of the first and second. Mr. Swinburne's modification of this metre, in which the rhyme is carried on from one quatrain to the next, is not applicable to poems like Omar's, all of which are isolated in sense from the context. Alexandrines would of course correspond, more nearly than decasyllables, with *Rubá'í* lines in number of syllables, and they have been extensively used by Bodenstedt and other German translators of *Rubá'ís*, but, whatever may be the case in German, they are apt to read very heavily in English, even when constructed by skilful verse-makers, and an inferior workman can hardly hope to manage them with anything like success. The shorter length of the decasyllable line is not altogether a disadvantage to the translator. Owing to the large number of monosyllables in English, it is generally adequate to hold the contents of a Persian line a syllable or two longer; and a line erring, if at all, on the side of brevity, has at any rate the advantage of obliging the translator to eschew modern diffuseness, and of making him try to copy the "classical parsimony," the archaic terseness and condensation of the original.

The poet Cowper has a remark on translation from Latin which is eminently true also of translation from Persian. He says, "That is epigrammatic and witty in Latin which would be perfectly insipid in English. . . . . If a Latin poem is neat, elegant and musical, it is enough, but English readers are not so easily satisfied." Much of Omar's matter, when literally translated, seems very trite and commonplace, many of the "conceits," of which he is so fond, very frigid, and even his peculiar

grotesque humour often loses its savour in an English replica. The translator is often tempted to elevate a too grovelling sentiment, to "sharpen a point" here and there, to trick out a commonplace with some borrowed modern embellishment. But this temptation is one to be resisted as far as possible. According to the *Hadís*, "the business of a messenger is simply to deliver his message," and he must not shrink from displaying the naked truth. A translator who writes in verse must of course claim the liberty of altering the form of the expression over and over again, but the substituted expressions ought to be in keeping with the author's style, and on the same plane of sentiment as his. It is beyond the province of a translator to attempt the task of "painting the lily." But it is easier to lay down correct principles of translation than to observe them unswervingly in one's practice.

IV.

As regards subject matter, Omar's quatrains may be classed under the following six heads:—

I. *Shikáyat i rozgár*—Complaints of "the wheel of heaven," or fate, of the world's injustice, of the loss of friends, of man's limited faculties and destinies.

II. *Hajw*—Satires on the hypocrisy of the "unco' guid," the impiety of the pious, the ignorance of the learned, and the untowardness of his own generation.

III. *Firákíya* and *Wisáliya*—Love-poems on the sorrows of separation and the joys of reunion with the Beloved, earthly or spiritual.

IV. *Báháríya*—Poems in praise of spring, gardens and flowers.

V. *Kufríya*—Irreligious and antinomian utterances, charging the sins of the creature to the account of the Creator, scoffing at the Prophet's Paradise and Hell, singing the praises of wine and pleasure—preaching *ad nauseam*, "Eat and drink (especially drink), for to-morrow ye die."

VI. *Munáját*—Addresses to the Deity, now in the ordinary language of devotion, bewailing sins and imploring pardon, now in mystical phraseology, craving deliverance from "self," and union with the "Truth" (*Al Hakk*), or Deity, as conceived by the Mystics.

The "complaints" may obviously be connected with the known facts of the poet's life, by supposing them to have been prompted by the persecution to which he was subjected on account of his opinions. His remarks on the Houris and other sacred subjects raised such a feeling against him that at one time his life was in danger, and the wonder is that he escaped at all in a city like Nishapur, where the *odium theologicum* raged so fiercely as to occasion a sanguinary civil war. In the year 489 A.H., as we learn from Ibn Al Athir,* the orthodox banded themselves together under the leadership of Abul Kasim and Muhammad, the chiefs of the Hanefites and the Shafeites, in order to exterminate the Kerrámians or Anthropomorphist heretics, and succeeded in putting many of them to death, and in destroying all their establishments. It may be also that after the

* See Defrémery, *Recherches sur le règne de Barkiárok*, p. 51.

death of his patron Nizám ul Mulk, Omar lost his stipend, and was reduced to poverty.

The satires probably owed their origin to the same cause. *Rien soulage comme la rhétorique*, and if Omar could not relieve his feelings by open abuse of his persecutors, he made up for it by the bitterness of his verses. The bitterness of his strictures on them was no doubt fully equalled by the rancour of their attacks upon him.

The love-poems are samples of a class of compositions much commoner in later poets than in Omar. Most of them probably bear a mystical meaning, for I doubt if Omar was a person very susceptible of the tender passion. He speaks with appreciation of "tulip cheeks" and "cypress forms," but apparently recognises no attractions of a higher order in his fair friends.

The poems in praise of scenery again offer a strong contrast to modern treatment of the same theme. The only aspects of nature noticed by Omar are such as affect the senses agreeably—the bright flowers, the song of the nightingale, the grassy bank of the stream, and the shady garden associated in his mind with his convivial parties. The geographer translated by Sir W. Ouseley says of Nishapur, "The city is watered by a subterranean canal, which is conveyed to the fields and gardens, and there is a considerable stream that waters the city and the villages about it—this stream is named *Saka*. In all the province of Khorasan there is not any city larger than Nishapur, nor any blessed with a more pure and temperate air." No doubt it was some of these gardens that called forth Omar's encomiums.

But it is in the *Kufríya*, or antinomian quatrains, and in the *Munáját*, or pious aspirations, that the most remarkable and characteristic features of Omar's poetry are exhibited. The glaring contrast between these two classes of his poetry has led his readers to take very opposite views of him, according as they looked at one or the other side of the shield. European critics, like his contemporaries, mostly consider him an infidel and a voluptuary "of like mind with Sardanapalus." On the other hand, the Sufis have contrived to affix mystical and devotional meanings even to his most Epicurean quatrains; and this method of interpretation is nowadays as universally accepted in Persia and India as the mystical interpretation of the Canticles is in Europe. But neither of these views can be accepted in its entirety. Even if the Sufi symbolism had been definitely formulated as early as Omar's time, which is very doubtful, common sense would forbid us to force a devotional meaning on the palpably Epicurean quatrains; and, on the other hand, unless we are prepared to throw over the authority of all the MSS., including the most ancient ones, we must reckon with the obviously mystical and devotional quatrains. The essential contradiction in the tone and temper of these two sections of Omar's poetry cannot be glossed over, but imperatively calls for explanation.

His poems were obviously not all written at one period of his life, but from time to time, just as circumstance and mood suggested, and under the influence of the thoughts, passions and desires which happened to be uppermost at the moment. It may be that the irre-

ligious and Epicurean quatrains were written in youth, and the *Munájat* in his riper years. But this hypothesis seems to be disproved by Sharastáni's account of him, which is quite silent as to any such conversion or change of sentiment on his part, and also by the fact that he describes himself from first to last as a "*Dipsychus*" in grain, a halter between two opinions, and an "*Acrates*," or backslider, in his practice.

If his poems be considered not in the abstract, but in the light of history, taking into account his mental pedigree and his intellectual surroundings, a more plausible explanation of his inconsistencies readily presents itself. In his youth, as we know, he sat at the feet of the Sunni theologian Imam Muaffik, and he was then no doubt thoroughly indoctrinated with the great Semitic conception of the One God, or, to use the expressive term of Muhammadan theology, "the Only Real Agent" (*Fá'il i Hakíki*). To minds dominated by the overwhelming sense of Almighty Power, everywhere present and working, there seems no room for Nature, or human will, or chance, or any other Ahriman whatsoever, to take the responsibility of all the evils in the world, the storms and the earthquakes, the Borgias and the Catilines. The "Only Real Agent" has to answer for all. In the most ancient document of Semitic religious speculation now extant, the Book of Job, we find expostulations of the boldest character addressed to the Deity for permitting a righteous man to be stricken with unmerited misfortunes, though the writer ultimately concludes in a spirit of pious agnosticism and resignation to the inscrutable dispensations of Providence. In the Book of Ecclesiastes,

again, the same problems are handled, but in a somewhat different temper. The "weary king Ecclesiast" remarks that there is one event to all, to him that sacrificeth and him that sacrificeth not—that injustice and wrong seem eternally triumphant, that God has made things crooked, and none can make them straight; and concludes now in favour of a sober "*carpe diem*" philosophy, now in favour of a devout "fear of the Lord." Of course the manner in which the serious Hebrew handles these matters is very different from the levity and flippancy of the volatile Persian, but it can hardly be denied that the Ecclesiast and Omar resemble one another in the double and contradictory nature of their practical conclusions.

No sooner was Islam established than the same problem of the existence of evil in the handiwork of the Almighty Author and Governor of all began to trouble the Moslem theologians, and by their elaboration of the doctrine of Predestination they managed to aggravate its difficulties. One of the chief "roots" of their discussions was how to reconcile the Divine justice and benevolence with the Divine prescience,—the predestination of some vessels to honour, and others to dishonour,—the pre-ordainment of all things by a kind of mechanical necessity (*Jabr*), leaving no possibility of the occurrence of any events except those which actually do occur. The consideration of one corollary of a similar doctrine moved the pious and gentle Cowper to use language of indignant dissent; and there is high theological authority for the view that it is calculated "to thrust some into desperation," but to stimulate the piety

of others. Omar is constantly dwelling on this doctrine, and he seems to be affected by it in the double way here mentioned.

Other influences which acted on Omar must not be left out of account. Born as he was in Khorásan, "the focus of Persian culture," he was no doubt familiar with speculations of the Moslem philosophers, Alkindi, Alfárábi and Avicenna, the last of whom he may possibly have seen.* And though he was not himself a Sufi, in the sense of being affiliated to any of the Sufi orders, he can hardly have been unaffected by the mysticism of which his predecessor in *Ruba'i* writing, Abu Sa'id bin Abul Khair, his patron Nizám ul Mulk, and his distinguished countryman Imám Ghazáli were all strong adherents. His philosophical studies would naturally stimulate his sceptical and irreligious dispositions, while his mystical leanings would operate mainly in the contrary direction.

If this explanation of the inconsistencies in his poetry be correct, it is obvious that the parallel often sought to be traced between him and Lucretius has no existence. Whatever he was, he was not an Atheist. To him, as to other Muhammadans of his time, to deny the existence of the Deity would seem to be tantamount to denying the existence of the world and of himself. And the conception of "laws of nature" was also one quite foreign to his habits of thought. As Deutsch says, "To a Shemite, Nature is simply what has been

* Avicenna died in 428 A.H.

begotten, and is ruled absolutely by One Absolute Power."

Hammer compares him to Voltaire, but in reality he is a Voltaire and something more. He has much of Voltaire's flippancy and irreverence. His treatment of the doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body, for instance, which Muhammad took from Christianity, and travestied by the embellishments he added to it, is altogether in Voltaire's manner. And his insistence on the all importance of kindness and charity recalls the better side of Voltaire's character, viz. his kindness to Calas, and the other victims of ecclesiastical persecution. But Omar also possessed, what Voltaire did not, strong religious emotions, which at times overrode his rationalism, and found expression in those devotional and mystical quatrains, which offer such a strong contrast to the rest of his poetry.

This introduction is already longer than I intended, but I must not omit to acknowledge my obligations to former editors and translators—Mr. Blochmann, M. Nicolas, Mr. Fitzgerald and Herr Bodenstedt, to all of whom I am indebted for many hints. I have also derived much assistance from articles on Omar in the *Calcutta Review*, vol. xxx., and in *Fraser* for May 1879. I have also to thank Professor Cowell for kindly lending me some of the materials for the text, and Dr. Ethé and M. Fagnan for information about the MSS. of Omar in London, Oxford and Paris.

ABBREVIATIONS.

A. Asiatic Society's MS.

B. Bodleian Library MS.

Bl. Blochmann's edition.

C. Calcutta edition.

I. India Office MS., No. 2420.

J. India Office MS., No. 2486.

L. Lucknow edition.

N. The edition of M. Nicolas.

Bl. Prosody. The Prosody of the Persians by Blochmann, Calcutta 1872.

Gladwin. The Rhetoric of the Persians by Gladwin, Calcutta 1801.

Lumsden. A Grammar of the Persian language by Lumsden, Calcutta 1810.

Vullers. Grammatica linguæ Persicæ, scripsit I. A. Vullers, Gissæ, 1870.

ERRATA.

QUATRAIN.

19, l. 4. For زین read این, and insert و after آتش.

114, note. Insert B. L.

170, l. 1. For دستی read دستِ, "The hand of one like me." The note is wrong.

226, note. Insert L.

383, l. 2. For عاز read عار; and in the note for Tartuffe, Tartufe.

445, note. Read *Murtazáshă*.

452, l. 3. For وانكه, read وانكه.

QUATRAINS

OF

OMAR KHAYYAM.

QUATRAINS OF OMAR KHAYYAM.



1.

At dawn a cry through all the tavern shrilled,
"Arise my brethren of the revellers' guild,
  That I may fill our measures full of wine,
Or e'er the measure of our days be filled."

2.

Who was it brought thee here at nightfall, who?
Forth from the harem, in this manner, who?
  To him who in thy absence burns as fire,
And trembles like hot air, who was it, who?

1. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. Bl. considers this quatrain mystical.

2. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. Bl. says the omission of the

رُباعیّات حکیم خیّام



آمد سحری ندا ز میخانهٔ ما
کای رندِ خراباتیِ دیوانهٔ ما
برخیز که پر کنیم پیمانه ز می
زان پیش که پر کُنند پیمانهٔ ما

امشب برِ ما مست که آورد ترا
وز پرده بدین دست که آورد ترا
نزدیکِ کسی که بیتُو در آتش بود
چُون باد همی جست که آورد ترا

copulative *wa* in line 4 is characteristic of Khayyam. In line 4 I follow Blochmann's rendering. It may mean, "when the wind blows."

3.

'Tis but a day we sojourn here below,
And all the gain we get is grief and woe,
And then, leaving life's riddles all unsolved,
And burdened with regrets, we have to go.

4.

Khaja! grant one request, and only one,
Wish me God-speed, and get your preaching done;
I walk aright, 'tis you who see awry;
Go! heal your purblind eyes, leave me alone.

5.

Arise! and come, and of thy courtesy
Resolve my weary heart's perplexity,
And fill my goblet, so that I may drink,
Or e'er they make their goblets out of me.

---

3. N.
4. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J.
5. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. The heart is supposed to

این دهر که بُود مُدّتی منزلِ ما
نامد بجز از بلا وغم حاصلِ ما
افسُوس که حل نگشت یك مشکلِ ما
رفتیم و هزار حسرت اندر دلِ ما

۴

ای خواجه یکی کام روا کُن مارا
دم درکش و در کارِ خُدا کُن مارا
ما راست رویم ولیك تو کج بینی
رو چارهٔ دیدهٔ کُن رها کُن مارا

۵

برخیز و بیا بیا برایِ دلِ ما
حل کن بجمالِ خویشتن مُشکلِ ما
یك کوزهٔ می بیار تا نوش کُنیم
زان پیش که کوزها کُنند از گلِ ما

---

be the seat of reason. "Or ever" and "or ere" are both found in Elizabethan English. Abbot, Shakespearian Grammar, p. 89.

6.

When I am dead, with wine my body lave,
For obit chant a bacchanalian stave,
And, if you need me at the day of doom,
Beneath the tavern threshold seek my grave.

7.

Since no one can assure thee of the morrow,
Rejoice thy heart to-day, and banish sorrow
With moonbright wine, fair moon, for heaven's moon
Will look for us in vain on many a morrow.

8.

Let lovers all distraught and frenzied be,
And flown with wine, and reprobates, like me;
When sober, I find everything amiss,
But in my cups cry, "Let what will be be."

6. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Faut shudan* is Turani Persian. Bl.

چون فوت شوم بباده شوئید مرا
تلقین ز شراب و جام گوئید مرا
خواهید بروزِ حشر یابید مرا
از خاكِ درِ میکده جُوئید مرا

۷

چُون عُهده نمیشود کسی فردارا
حالی خوش کن این دلِ پر سودارا
می نوش بنورِ ماه ای ماه که ماه
بسیار بتابد ونیابد مارا

۸

عاشق همه ساله مست و شیدا بادا
دیوانه وشوریده و رُسوا بادا
در هُشیاری غُصّهٔ هر چیز خوریم
ور مست شویم هرچه بادا بادا

7. Bl. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. Line 2 is in metre 14.
8. Bl. L. N. Line 3 is in metre 13.

9.

In Allah's name, say, wherefore set the wise
Their hearts upon this house of vanities?
Whene'er they think to rest them from their toils,
Death takes them by the hand, and says, "Arise."

10.

Men say the Koran holds all heavenly lore,
But on its pages seldom care to pore;
The lucid lines engraven on the bowl,—
That is the text they dwell on evermore.

11.

Blame not the drunkards, you who wine eschew,
Had I but grace, I would abstain like you,
And mark me, vaunting zealot, you commit
A hundredfold worse sins than drunkards do.

9. Bl. C. L. N. A. I.

10. Bl. L. N. A. B. I. J. Lines were engraven on the bowl to measure out the draughts. Bl.

٩

عاقل بچه اُمّید درین شُومِ سرا
بر دولتِ او نهد دل از بهرِ خدا
هرگاه که خواهد بنشیند از پا
گیرد اجلش دست که بالا بنما

١٠

قرآن که بهین کلام خوانند اورا
گه گاه نه بر دوام خوانند اورا
در خطِّ پیاله آیتی روشن هست
کاندر همه جا مدام خوانند اورا

١١

گر می نخوری طعنه مزن مستانرا
گر توبه دهد توبه کُنم یزدانرا
تو فخر بدین کنی که من می نُخورم
صد کار کنی که می غُلامست آنرا

11. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. *Yazdánrá*, an oath. *Ghulám*, mere "children" compared to your sins.

12.

What though 'tis fair to view, this form of man,
I know not why the heavenly Artisan
Hath set these tulip cheeks and cypress forms
To deck the mournful halls of earth's divan.

13.

My fire gives forth no smoke-cloud here below,
My stock-in-trade no profit here below,
And you, who call me tavern-haunter, know
There is indeed no tavern here below.

14.

Thus spake an idol to his worshipper,
"Why dost thou worship this dead stone, fair sir?
'Tis because He who gazeth through thine eyes,
Doth some part of His charms on it confer."

---

12. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. *Tarab* here "grief."

13. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. The anacoluthon in line 3, and the missing rhyme before the *radíf*, or burden, in

۱۲

هر چند که رنگ و بوی زیباست مرا
چون لاله رخ و چو سرو بالاست مرا
معلوم نشد که در طربخانهٔ خاك
نقّاشِ من از بهرِ چه آراست مرا

۱۳

از آتشِ ما دود کجا بود اینجا
وز مایهٔ ما سود کجا بود اینجا
انکس که مرا نامِ خرا باتی کرد
در اصل خرابات کجا بود اینجا

۱۴

بت گفت به بت پرست کای عابدِ ما
دانی ز چه روي گشتهٔ ساجدِ ما
بر ما بجمال خود تجلّی کرد ست
آنکس که ز تُست ناظر ای شاهدِ ما

---

line 4 are characteristic of Khayyam. Bl.

14. L. Meaning, all is of God, even idols. See *Gulshan i Raz*, line 800.

15.

Whate'er thou doest, never grieve thy brother,
Nor kindle fumes of wrath his peace to smother;
Dost thou desire to taste eternal bliss,
Vex thine own heart, but never vex another!

16.

O Thou! to please whose love and wrath as well,
Allah created heaven and likewise hell;
Thou hast thy court in heaven, and I have naught,
Why not admit me in thy courts to dwell?

17.

So many cups of wine will I consume,
Its bouquet shall exhale from out my tomb,
And every one that passes by shall halt,
And reel and stagger with that mighty fume.

---

15. L. b. Line 1 is in metre 14.

16. Bl. L. The person addressed is the prophet Muhammad. The Sufis were fond of dwelling on the

۱۵

تا بتْوانی رنجه مگردان کسرا
بر آتشِ خشمِ خویش منْشان کسرا
گر راحتِ جاودان طمع میداری
میرنج همیشه و مرنجان کسرا

۱٦

ای کرده بلطف و قهرِ تو صنع خدا
در عهدِ ازل بهشت و دوزخ پیدا
بزمِ تو بهشت است و مرا چیزی نیست
چونست که در بهشت ره نیست مرا

۱۷

چندان بخورم شراب کین بُویِ شراب
آید ز تُراب چُون روم زیرِ تراب
تا بر سرِ خاکِ من رسد مخموری
از بُویِ شرابِ من شود مست و خراب

---

opposition between the beautiful (*jamál*) and terrible (*jalál*) attributes of Deity. *Gulshan i Raz*, p. 27.

17. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J.

18.

Young wooer, charm all hearts with lover's art,
Glad winner, lead thy paragon apart!
  A hundred Ka'bas equal not one heart,
Seek not the Ka'ba, rather seek a heart!

19.

What time, my cup in hand, its draughts I drain,
And with rapt heart unconsciousness attain,
  Behold what wondrous miracles are wrought,
Songs flow as water from my burning brain.

20.

To-day is but a breathing space, quaff wine!
Thou wilt not see again this life of thine;
  So, as the world becomes the spoil of time,
Offer thyself to be the spoil of wine!

18. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. Line 2, "In the presence seize the perfect heart." *Niyáz*, "lovers' entreaties."

۱۸

در راهِ نیاز هر دلی را دریاب
در کُویِ حضور مُقبلِي را دریاب
صد کعبهٔ آب و گل بیکدل نرسد
کعبه چه روي برو دلي را دریاب

۱۹

روزي که بدست بر نهم جامِ شراب
وز غایتِ خرّمي شوم مست و خراب
صد مُعجزه پیدا کنم اندر هر باب
زین طبعِ چو آتش سخنهایِ چو آب

۲۰

روزي که دو مهلتست مي خور میِ ناب
کین عمرِ گذشته در نیابی دریاب
دانی که جهان رو بخرابی داود
تو نیز شب و روز بمي باش خراب

---

19. L. N. *Sukhunháyï: Kasra i tausfíi* before the epithet, *chu áb.* Lumsden, ii. p. 259.
20. L. N. *Do muhlat,* "inhaling and exhaling."

21.

'Tis we who to wine's yoke our necks incline,
And risk our lives to gain the smiles of wine;
The henchman grasps the flagon by its throat
And squeezes out the lifeblood of the wine.

22.

Here in this tavern haunt I make my lair,
Pawning for wine, heart, soul, and all I wear,
Without a hope of bliss, or fear of bale,
Rapt above water, earth and fire and air.

23.

Quoth fish to duck, "'Twill be a sad affair,
If this brook leaves its channel dry and bare;"
To whom the duck, "When I am dead and roasted
The brook may run with wine for aught I care."

---

21. L. N. Line 3 is in metre 19.

22. Bl. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. Note the diphthong in

۲۱

مائیمِ نهاده سر بفرمانِ شراب
جان کرده فدای لبِ خندانِ شراب
هم ساقیِ ما حلقِ صراحی در دست
هم بر لبِ ساغر آمده جانِ شراب

۲۲

مائیم و می و مطرب و این کنجِ خراب
جان ودل وجام وجامه در رهنِ شراب
فارغ ز امیدِ رحمت وبیمِ عذاب
آزاد ز باد وخاك وز آتش و آب

۲۳

با بط میگفت ماهئی در تب و تاب
باشد که بجوی رفته باز آید آب
بط گفت چو من و تو بگشتیم کباب
بود از پسِ مرگِ من چه دریا چه شراب

---

mái dissolved in scanning. Bl., Prosody 13.

23. L. Meaning, *Après nous le déluge.*

24.

From doubt to clear assurance is a breath,
A breath from infidelity to faith;
  Oh, precious breath! enjoy it while you may,
'Tis all that life can give, and then comes death.

25.

Ah! wheel of heaven to tyranny inclined,
'Twas e'er your wont to show yourself unkind;
  And, cruel earth, if they should cleave your breast,
What store of buried jewels they would find!

26.

My life lasts but a day or two, and fast
Sweeps by, like torrent stream or desert blast,
  Howbeit, of two days I take no heed,—
The day to come, and that already past.

24. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J.
25. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. "Wheel of heaven," *i.e.* destiny, fortune. Sir Thomas Browne talks of the

۲۴

از منزلِ کفر تا بدین یکنفس ست
وز عالمِ شك تا بیقین یکنفس ست
این یکنفسِ عزیز را خوش میدار
کز حاصلِ عُمرِ ما همین یکنفس ست

۲۵

ای چرخِ فلك خرابی از کینهٔ تست
بیدادگری شیوهٔ دیرینهٔ تست
ای خاك اگر سینهٔ تو بشگافند
بس گوهرِ قیمتی که در سینهٔ تست

۲۶

این یك دو سه روزهِ نوبتِ عمر گذشت
چون آب بجویبار و چون باد بدشت
هرگز غمِ دو روز مرا یاد نگشت
روزی که نیامدست و روزی که گذشت

"wheel of things." In line 1 scan *khará bĭyaz.*

26. Bl. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. *Do sih roza* is an adjective. Bl.

27.

That pearl is from a mine unknown to thee,
That ruby bears a stamp thou can'st not see,
  The tale of love some other tongue must tell,
All our conjectures are mere phantasy.

28.

Now with its joyful prime my age is rife,
I quaff enchanting wine, and list to fife;
  Chide not at wine for all its bitter taste,
Its bitterness sorts well with human life!

29.

O soul! whose lot it is to bleed with pain,
And daily change of fortune to sustain,
  Into this body wherefore didst thou come,
Seeing thou must at last go forth again?

27. Bl. L. N. *Káni*, *Yá i batní*. Bl., Pros. 7. Or, perhaps, *yá i tankír*. See note to No. 373. Meaning, real love of God differs from the popular idea of it. Bl.

٢٧

آن لعلِ گران بها زکانی دگر ست
وان دُرِّ یگانه را نشانی دگر ست
اندیشهٔ این وآن خیالِ من وتست
افسانهٔ عشق از زبانی دگر ست

٢٨

امروز که نوبتِ جوانیِّ من ست
می نوشم از آنکه کامرانیِّ من ست
عیبش مکنید اگرچه تلخ ست خوش ست
تلخ ست از آنکه زندگانیِّ من ست

٢٩

ای دل چو نصیبِ تو همه خون شدنست
احوالِ تو هر لحظه دگرگون شدنست
ای جان تو درین تنم چه کار آمدهٔ
چون عاقبتِ کارِ تو بیرون شدنست .

---

28. Bl. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. Bl. notes, "Regarding the *tashdíd* on *jawáni*, see my Prosody, p. 11."
29. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J.

30.

To-day is thine to spend, but not to-morrow,
Counting on morrows breedeth naught but sorrow;
Oh! squander not this breath that heaven hath lent thee,
Nor make too sure another breath to borrow!

31.

'Tis labour lost thus to all doors to crawl,
Take thy good fortune, and thy bad withal;
Know for a surety each must play his game,
As from heaven's dice-box fate's dice chance to fall.

32.

This jug did once, like me, love's sorrows taste,
And bonds of beauty's tresses once embraced,
This handle, which you see upon its side,
Has many a time twined round a slender waist!

---

30. Bl. C. N. A. B. I. In line 4, scan *Kí bákĭyĭ 'umrărá.* Bl., Prosody 11.

31. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Naksh,* the dots on dice.

٣٠

امروز ترا دست رسی فردا نیست
واندیشهٔ فردات بجز سودا نیست
ضایع مکن ایندم ار دلت شیدا نیست
کین باقیِ عمررا بقا پیدا نیست

٣١

از هرزه بهر دری نمیباید تاخت
با نیك و بدِ زمانه میباید ساخت
از طاسكِ چرخ وكعبتینِ تقدیر
هر نقش كه پیدا شود آن باید باخت

٣٢

این کوزه چو من عاشقِ زاری بودست
در بندِ سرِ زلفِ نگاري بودست
این دسته كه در گردنِ او مي بعیني
دستیست كه بر گردنِ یاري بودست

---

32. Bl. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. *Budast*, the perfect in *astam*, is archaic. Bl., Prosody 12.

33.

Days changed to nights, ere you were born,
or I,
And on its business ever rolled the sky;
See you tread gently on this dust, perchance
'Twas once the apple of some beauty's eye.

34.

Pagodas, just as mosques, are homes of prayer,
'Tis prayer that church-bells chime unto the air,
Yea, Church and Ka'ba, Rosary and Cross
Are all but divers tongues of world-wide prayer.

35.

'Twas writ at first, whatever was to be,
By pen, unheeding bliss or misery,
Yea, writ upon the tablet once for all,
To murmur or resist is vanity.

---

33. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Niháre, Yá i tankír.*

34. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. Scan *bandăgĭyast.* Bl. Meaning, forms of faith are indifferent.

۳۳

پیش از من و تو لیل و نهاري بودست
گردنده فلك زبهرِ كاري بودست
زینهار قدم بخاك آهسته نهي
كان مردمكِ چشمِ نگاري بودست

۳۴

بتخانه و كعبه خانهٔ بندگیست
ناقوس زدن ترانهٔ بندگیست
زنّار وكلیسیا و تسبیح وصلیب
حقّا كه همه نشانهٔ بندگیست

۳۵

بر لوح نشانِ بودنیها بوده است
پیوسته قلم ز نیك و بد آسوده است
اندر تقدیر هر چه بایست بداد
غم خوردن و كوشیدنِ ما بیهوده است

35. C. L. N. Ȧ. B. I. J. Meaning, fate is heartless and resistless. Scan *búd ast*, dropping silent *he*, and *Alif i wasl*.

36

There is a mystery I know full well,
Which to all, good and bad, I cannot tell;
My words are dark, but I cannot unfold
The secrets of the "station" where I dwell.

37.

No base or light-weight coins pass current here,
Of such a broom has swept our dwelling clear;
Forth from the tavern comes a sage, and cries,
"Drink! for ye all must sleep through ages drear."

38.

With outward seeming we can cheat mankind,
But to God's will we can but be resigned;
The deepest wiles my cunning e'er devised,
To balk resistless fate no way could find.

36. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Hálé*, a state of ecstacy.

37. Bl. L. N. Meaning, Mollas' fables will not go down with us.

٣٦

با هر بد ونیك راز نتوانم گفت
کوته سخنم دراز نتوانم گفت
حالي دارم که شرح نتوانم داد
رازی دارم که باز نتوانم گفت

٣٧

با ما درم قلب نمیگیرد جفت
جاروب طربخانهء ما پاك برفت
پیری ز خرابات برون آمد و گفت
مي خور که بعمرهات میباید خفت

٣٨

با حکم خدا بجز رضا در نگرفت
با خلق بجز روی و ریا در نگرفت
هر حیله که در تصوّرِ عقل آید
کردیم ولیك با قضا در نگرفت

38. L. N. Meaning, weakness of human rule compared to the strength of Divine decrees.

39.

Is a friend faithless ? spurn him as a foe,
Upon trustworthy foes respect bestow;
Hold healing poison for an antidote,
And baneful sweets for deadly eisel know.

40.

No heart is there, but bleeds when torn from Thee,
No sight so clear but craves Thy face to see;
And though perchance Thou carest not for them,
No soul is there, but pines with care for Thee.

41.

Sobriety doth dry up all delight,
And drunkenness doth drown my sense outright;
There is a middle state, it is my life,
Not altogether drunk, nor sober quite.

---

39. L. N. These gnomical epigrams are not common in Khayyam.

40. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Jigar*, the liver, was consi-

۳۹

بیگانه اگر وفا کند خویشِ من است
ور خویش خطا کند بداندیشِ من است
گر زهر موافقت کند تریاکست
ور نوش مُخالفت کند نیشِ من است

۴۰

پر خون ز فراقت جگري نیست که نیست
شیداي تو صاحبنظري نیست که نیست
با آنکه نداري سرِ سوداي کسي
سوداي تو در هیچ سری نیست که نیست

۴۱

تا هشیارم طرب ز من پنهان است
چون مست شدم در خردم نقصان است
حالیست میانِ مستي و هشیاری
من بندهٔ آن که زندگاني آنست

dered to be the seat of love.

41. C. N. I. *Masti o:* scan *mastĭyō.* The Epicurean golden mean. See Ecclesiastes, vii. 16, 17.

42.

Behold these cups! Can He who deigned to make them,
In wanton freak let ruin overtake them,
So many shapely feet and hands and heads,—
What love drives Him to make, what wrath to break them?

43.

Death's terrors spring from baseless phantasy,
Death yields the tree of immortality;
Since 'Isa breathed new life into my soul,
Eternal death has washed its hands of me!

44.

Like tulips in the Spring your cups lift up,
And, with a tulip-cheeked companion, sup
With joy your wine, or e'er this azure wheel
With some unlooked for blast upset your cup..

---

42. C. N. A. B. I. J. *Piyálăē, a* cup. So Job, "Thy hands have made me, yet thou dost destroy me."

۴۲

ترکیبِ پیالهٔ که درهم پیوست
بشکستنِ آن کجا روا دارد مست
چندین سر وپایِ نازنین وکف ودست
از مهرِ چه ساخت و بکینِ چه شکست

۴۳

ترسِ اجل و وهمِ فنا مستي تست ؟
ورنه ز فنا شاخِ بقا خواهد رُست
تا از دمِ عیسوي شدم زنده بجان
مرگِ ابد از وجودِ من دست بشست

چون لاله بنوروز قدح گیر بدست
با لاله رخی اگر ترا فرصت هست
می نوش بخرمي که این چرخِ کبود
ناگاه ترا چو باد گرداند پست

---

43. L. N. Meaning, the Sufi doctrine of *Baká ba'd ul faná.* See *Gulshan i Raz*, p. 31.

44. C. L. N. A. I. J.

45.

Facts will not change to humour man's caprice,
So vaunt not human powers, but hold your peace;
Here must we stay, weighed down with grief for this,
That we were born so late, so soon decease.

46.

Khayyam! why weep you that your life is bad?
What boots it thus to mourn? Rather be glad.
He that sins not can make no claim to mercy,
Mercy was made for sinners—be not sad.

47.

All mortal ken is bounded by the veil,
To see beyond man's sight is all too frail;
Yea! earth's dark bosom is his only home;—
Alas! 't were long to tell the doleful tale.

---

45. C. L. N. A. I. J. Meaning, the futility of striving against predestination. *Ánk*, for *ánki*. Bl. Prosody 13.

۴۵

چون کار نه بر مرادِ ما خواهد رفت
اندیشهٔ جهدِ ما کجا خواهد رفت
پیوسته نشسته ایم از حسرتِ آنك
دیر آمده ایم و زود میباید رفت

۴۶

!! — خیّام زبهرِ گنه این ماتم چیست
وز خوردنِ غم فایده بیش وکم چیست
آنرا که گنه نکرد غفران نبود
غفران زبرایِ گنه آمد غم چیست

۴۷

— در پردهٔ اسرار کسي‌را ره نیست
زین تعبیه جانِ هیچ کس اگه نیست
جز در دلِ خاكِ تیره منزلگه نیست
افسوس که این فسانها کوته نیست

46. C. L. N. A. B. I. See note on No. 130.
47. C. L. N. A. B. I. J.

48.

This faithless world, my home, I have surveyed,
Yea, and with all my wit deep question made,
But found no moon with face so bright as thine,
No cypress in such stateliness arrayed.

49.

In synagogue and cloister, mosque and school,
Hell's terrors and heaven's lures men's bosoms rule,
But they who master Allah's mysteries,
Sow not this empty chaff their hearts to fool.

50.

You see the world, but all you see is naught,
And all you say, and all you hear is naught,
Naught the four quarters of the mighty earth,
The secrets treasured in your chamber naught.

48. L. N.
49. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. Meaning, souls re-absorbed

۴۸

در عالمِ بیوفا که منزلگهِ ماست
بسیار بجستم بقیاسي که مراست
چون رويِ تو ماه نیست روشن گفتم
چون قدِّ تو سرو نیست میگویم راست

۴۹

در صومعه و مدرسه و دیر و کنشت
ترسنده ز دوزخند و جویايِ بهشت
آنکس که ز اسرارِ خدا با خبر است
زین تخم در اندرونِ خود هیچ نکِشت

۵۰

دنیا دیدي و هر چه دیدي هیچ است
وان نیز که گفتی و شنیدی هیچست
سر تا سرِ آفاق دویدي هیچ است
وان نیز که در خانه خزیدي هیچ است ٠

in the Divine essence have no concern with the material heaven and hell.

50. L. N. Meaning, all is illusion (*Maya*).

51.

I dreamt a sage said, "Wherefore life consume
In sleep? Can sleep make pleasure's roses bloom?
Forgather not with death's twin-brother sleep,
Thou wilt have sleep enough within thy tomb!"

52.

If the heart knew life's secrets here below,
At death 'twould know God's secrets too, I trow;
But, if you know naught here, while still yourself,
To-morrow, stripped of self, what can you know?

53.

On that dread day, when wrath shall rend the sky,
And darkness dim the bright stars' galaxy,
I'll seize the Loved One by His skirt, and cry,
"Why hast Thou doomed these guiltless ones to die?"

---

51. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. So Homer, *Kasignêtos thanatoio.*

52. C. L. N. A. I. In line 2 scan *Ĭláhí.* Bl. Prosody, p. 7.

٥١

در خواب بُدم مرا خردمندي گفت
کز خواب کسي را گلِ شادي نشکفت
کاري چکني که با اجل باشد جفت
مي خور که بزيرِ خاك ميبايد خفت

٥٢

دل سرِّ حيات اگر کماهي دانست
در موت هم اسرارِ الهي دانست
اکنون که تو با خودي ندانستي هيچ
فردا که زخود روي چه خواهي دانست

٥٣

روزيکه شود اذا السماء انفطَرَت
واندم که شود اذا النجوم انکدرت
من دامنِ تو بگيرم اندر عرصات
گويم صنما باَيِّ ذنبٍ قتلت

53. C. L. N. A. I. J. See Koran, lxxxii. 1. Note the *alif i wasls* in lines 1 and 2. In line 4 scan *kata lat*, transposing the last vowel. Bl. Prosody, p. ii.

54.

To knaves Thy secret we must not confide,
To comprehend it is to fools denied,
See then to what hard case Thou doomest men,
Our hopes from one and all perforce we hide.

55.

Cupbearer! what though fate's blows here betide us,
And a safe resting-place be here denied us,
So long as the bright wine-cup stands between us,
We have the very Truth at hand to guide us.

56.

Long time in wine and rose I took delight,
But then my business never went aright;
Since wine could not accomplish my desire,
I have abandoned and forsworn it quite.

---

54. C. L. N. A. B. I. There is a variation of this, beginning *Asrár i jahán*.

55. C. L. N. A. I. In line 3 scan *măyāst*. Bl.

٥٤

سرّ از همه ناکسان نهان باید داشت
راز از همه ابلهان نهان باید داشت
بنگر که بجایِ مردمان خود چه کني
چشم از همه مردمان نهان باید داشت

٥٥

ساقي چو زمانه در شکستِ من و تست
دنیا نه سراچهٔ نشستِ من و تست
گر زانکه میانِ من و تو جامِ مي است
میدان بیقین که حق بدستِ من و تست

٥٦

عمري بگل و باده برفتیم بگشت
یك کارِ من از دورِ جهان راست نگشت
از مي چو نشد هیچ مرادي حاصل
از هرچه گذ شتیم گذ شت

Prosody, p. 13, and note *tashdíd* on *Hakk* dropped. Ibid, p. iv.

56. C. L. N. A. I. J.

57.

Bring wine! my heart with dancing spirits teems,
Wake! fortune's waking is as fleeting dreams;
Quicksilver-like our days are swift of foot,
And youthful fire subsides as torrent streams.

58.

Love's devotees, not Moslems here you see,
Not Solomons, but ants of low degree;
Here are but faces wan and tattered rags,
No store of Cairene cloth, or silk have we.

59.

My law it is in pleasure's paths to stray,
My creed to shun the theologic fray;
I wedded Luck, and offered her a dower,
She said, "I want none, so thy heart be gay."

57. C. L. N. A. I. J. In line 3 scan *bedárïyï*.
58. L. N. For the story of Solomon and the ants,

٥٧

مي در كفِ من نه كه دلم در تابست
وين عمرِ گريز پاي چون سيمابست
بر خيز كه بيداريِ دولت خوابست
درياب كه آتش جوانيِ آب است

٥٨

ما كافرِ عشقيم و مسلمان دگر است
ما مورِ ضعيفيم و سليمان دگر است
از ما رخِ زردِ و جامهٔ كهنه طلب
بازارچهٔ قَصَب فروشان دگر است

٥٩

مي خوردن و شاد بودن آئينِ منست
فارِغ بودن ز كفر و دين دينِ منست
گفتم بعروسِ دهر كابينِ تو چيست
گفتا دلِ خرّمِ تو كابينِ من است

see Koran, xxvii. 18. *Kasab*, linen made in Egypt.
59. C. L. N. A. I. J.

60.

From mosque an outcast, and to church a foe.
Allah! of what clay didst thou form me so?
  Like sceptic monk, or ugly courtesan,
No hopes have I above, no joys below.

61.

Men's lusts, like house-dogs, still the house distress
With clamour, barking for mere wantonness;
  Foxes are they, and sleep the sleep of hares;
Crafty as wolves, as tigers pitiless.

62.

Yon turf, fringing the margent of the stream,
As down upon a cherub's lip might seem,
  Or growth from dust of buried tulip cheeks;
Tread not that turf with scorn, or light esteem!

---

60. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Ummed* has the *tashdíd ob metrum*. Bl., Prosody 9. Line 2 is in metre 17. *Gil i mará* for *gil i man rá*, Vullers, pp. 173 and 193.

٦٠

نی لایقِ مسجدم نه در خوردِ کنشت
ایزد داند گلِ مرا از چه سرشت
چون کافرِ درویشم و چون قحبهٔ زشت
نی دین و نه دنیا و نه اُمیدِ بهشت

٦١

نفست بسگِ خانه همی ماند راست
جز بانگِ میانِ تهی از او هیچ نخواست
روبه صفتست و خوابِ خرگوش دهد
آشوبِ پلنگ دارد و گرگ دغاست

٦٢

هر سبزه که در کنارِ جوئي رستست
گوئي ز لبِ فرشته خوئی رستست
هان بر سرِ سبزه پا بخواري ننهي
کان سبزه بخاکِ لاله روئی رستست

61. C. L. N. Å. I. J. "Sleep of hares," deceit.

62. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Juyiy*: the *yá* of *júy* is hamzated because followed by another *yá*. Vullers, p. 24.

63.

Hearts with the light of love illumined well,
Whether in mosque or synagogue they dwell,
Have *their* names written in the book of love,
Unvexed by hopes of heaven or fears of hell.

64.

One draught of wine outweighs the realm of Tús,
Throne of Kobád and crown of Kai Kawús;
Sweeter are sighs that lovers heave at morn,
Than all the groanings zealot breasts produce.

65.

Though Moslems for my sins condemn and chide me,
Like heathens to my idol I confide me;
Yea, when I perish of a drunken bout,
I'll call on wine, whatever doom betide me.

---

63. C. L. N. A. I. J. Compare Hafiz, Ode 79: "Wherever love is, there is the light of the Beloved's face."

٦٣

هر دل که در او نورِ محبّت بسرشت
گر ساکنِ مسجد است وگر ز اهلِ کنشت
در دفترِ عشق هر که را نام نوشت
آزاد ز دوزخ است و فارغ ز بهشت

٦٤

یکجرعهء می زملكِ کاوُوس بهست
وز تختِ قباد و ملکتِ طوس بهست
هر ناله که عاشقي بر آرد بسحر
از نعرهء زاهدانِ سالوس بهست

٦٥

هر چند که از گناه بدبختم و زشت
نومید نیم چو بت پرستان ز کنشت
امّا سحري که میرم از مخموری
مي خواهم و معشوقه چه دوزخ چه بهشت

---

64. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Kawús* is the old spelling.
65. L. N. See a variation of this below, No. 111.

66.

In drinking thus it is not my design
To riot, or transgress the law divine,
No! to attain unconsciousness of self
Is the sole cause I drink me drunk with wine.

67.

Drunkards are doomed to hell, so men declare,
Believe it not, 'tis but a foolish scare;
Heaven will be empty as this hand of mine,
If none who love good drink find entrance there.

68.

'Tis wrong, according to the strict Korán,
To drink in Rajab, likewise in Sha'bán,
God and the Prophet claim those months as theirs;
Was Ramazan then made for thirsty man?

66. C. L. N. A. I. J. Perhaps a hit at the Sufis.
67. C. L. N. A. I. J. Line 4 is in metre 17.

٦٦

مي خوردنِ من نه از براي طربست
نز بهرِ فساد وتركِ دين و ادبست
خواهم كه زبيخودي برآرم نفسي
مى خوردن ومست بودنم زين سببست

٦٧

گويند كه دوزخي بود مردمِ مست
قوليست خلاف دل در او نتوان بست
گر عاشق و مست دوزخي خواهد بود
فردا باشد بهشت همچون كفِ دست

٦٨

گويند مخور باده كه شعبان نه رواست
نه نيز رجب كه آنمه خاصِ خداست
شعبان و رجب ماهِ خدا هست و رسول
ما در رمضان خوريم كان خاصهٔ ماست

68. C. L. N. A. I. J. The point, of course, is that Ramazán is the Muhammadan Lent.

69.

Now Ramazan is come, no wine must flow,
Our simple pastimes we must now forego,
The wine we have in store we must not drink,
Nor on our mistresses one kiss bestow.

70.

What is the world? A caravanserai,
A pied pavilion of night and day;
A feast whereat a thousand Jamsheds sat,
A couch whereon a thousand Bahrams lay.

71.

Now that your roses bloom with flowers of bliss,
To grasp your goblets be not so remiss;
Drink while you may! Time is a treacherous foe,
You may not see another day like this.

---

69. L. N. Does *Sáda* mean the winter feast?
70. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Wámánda*, "leavings."

٦٩

آمد رمضان و موسمِ باده برفت
دورِ میِ ناب و رائجِ ساده برفت
هر باده که داشتیم ناخورده بماند
هر قحبه که یافتیم ناگاده برفت

٧٠

این کهنه رباطرا که عالم نامست
آرامگهِ ابلقِ صبح و شام است
بزمیست که وامانده‌ٔ صد جمشید است
گوریست که تکیه گاهِ صد بهرامست

٧١

اکنون که گلِ سعادتت بر بار است
دستِ تو زجامِ می چرا بیکار است
مي خور که زمانه دشمنِ غدّار است
دریافتنِ روزِ چنین دشوار است

71. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Bar bár*, 'blooming, on the branch,' *i.e.* you are still young. Bl.

72.

Here in this palace, where Bahram held sway,
The wild roes drop their young, and tigers stray;
And that great hunter king—ah! well a day!
Now to the hunter death is fallen a prey.

73.

Down fall the tears from skies enwrapt in gloom,
Without this drink, the flowers could never bloom!
As now these flowerets yield delight to me,
So shall my dust yield flowers,—God knows for whom.

74.

To-day is Friday, as the Moslem says,
Drink then from bowls served up in quick relays;
Suppose on common days you drink one bowl,
To-day drink two, for 'tis the prince of days.

72. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Daró:* see Bl., Pros. 11.

73. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. In line 4 *tá* is the "*ta i tajáhul,*" meaning, 'I do not know whether,' 'perhaps.' Bl.

۷۲

آن قصر که بهرام درو جام گرفت
آهو بره کرد و شیر آرام گرفت
بهرام که گور میگرفتي بکمند
ديدي که چگونه گور بهرام گرفت

۷۳

ابر آمد و باز بر سرِ سبزه گریست
بي باده ارغوان نمي بايد زيست
اين سبزه که امروز تماشاگه ماست
تا سبزهٔ خاكِ ما تماشاگهِ کیست

۷۴

امروز که آدینه مر اورا نام است
مي نوش کن از قدح چه جايِ جامست
هر روز اگر یکقدحِ مي خوردني
امروز دو خور که سیّد الأيّامست

74. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. Friday is the day "of assembly," or Sabbath.

٧٥

آن باده که قابلِ صُوَرْهاست بذات
گاهی حَیَوان همي شود گاه نبات
تا ظن نبري که هست گردد هیهات
موصوف بذاتست اگر نیست صفات

٧٦

از آتشِ این طائفه جز دودي نیست
وز هیچ کسم امیدِ بهبودي نیست
دستي که ز دستِ چرخ بر سر دارم
در دامنِ هر که میزنم سودي نیست

٧٧

آنکس که بجملکي ترا تکیه بروست
گر چشمِ خرد باز کنی دشمنت اوست
آن به که درین زمانه کم گیري دوست
با اهلِ زمانه صحبت از دور نکُوست

Wine means the divine "*Noumenon.*" *Gulshan i Ráz*, 825.

76. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. Scan *tayĭfa.*

77. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. The MSS. transpose the lines.

78.

O foolish one! this moulded earth is naught,
This particoloured vault of heaven is naught;
  Our sojourn in this seat of life and death
Is but one breath, and what is that but naught?

79.

Some wine, a Houri, (Houris if there be,)
A green bank by a stream, with minstrelsy;—
  Toil not to find a better Paradise,
If other Paradise indeed there be!

80.

To the wine-house I saw the sage repair,
Bearing a wine-cup, and a mat for prayer;
  I said, "O Shaikh, what does this conduct mean?"
Said he, "Go drink! the world is naught but air."

78. Bl. L. N. *Shakl i mujassam*, 'the earth.' Bl.
79. Bl. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Dozakh i farsúda*, 'an old

۷۸

اي بيخبر اينِ شكلِ بجسّم هيچ ست
وين طارمِ نُه سپهرِ ارقم هيچ ست
خوش باش كه در نشيمنِ كون وفساد
وابستهٔ يكدميم و آنهم هيچ ست

۷۹

با مطرب و مي حور سرشتي گر هست
با آبِ روان كنار كشتي گر هست
به زين مطلب دوزخِ فرسوده متاب
حقّا كه جز اين نيست بهشتي گر هست

۸۰

پيري ز خرابات برون امد و مست
سجّاده بدوش و كاسهٔ باده بدست
گفتم شيخا ترا چه حال آمد پيش
گفتا مي خور كه كارِ عالم باد است

hell,' *i.e.* vain things which create a hell for you. Bl.

80. N.

81.

The Bulbul to the garden winged his way,
Viewed lily cups, and roses smiling gay,
Cried in ecstatic notes, "O live your life,
You never will re-live this fleeting day."

82.

Thy body is a tent, where harbourage
The Sultan spirit takes for one brief age;
When he departs, comes the tent-pitcher death,
Strikes it, and onward moves, another stage.

83.

Khayyám, who long time stitched the tents of learning,
Has fallen into a furnace, and lies burning,
Death's shears have cut his thread of life asunder,
Fate's brokers sell him off with scorn and spurning.

---

81. N. The MSS. have a variation of this, beginning, *Bulbul chu. Jám . . . . rá.* See Bl. Prosody, p. 12.

۸۱

چون بلبلِ مست راه در بستان یافت
رویِ گل و جامِ باده را خندان یافت
آمد بزبانِ حال در گوشم گفت
دریاب که عمرِ رفته را نتْوان یافت

۸۲

خیّام تنت بخیمهٔ ماند راست
سلطان روح است و منَزِلش در افناست
فرّاشِ اجل زبهرِ دیکر منزِل
ویران کند این خیمه چو سلطان برخاست

۸۳

خیّام که خیمهایِ حکمت میدوخت
در کورهٔ غمِ فتاد و ناگاه بسوخت
مقراضِ اجل طنابِ عمرش ببُرْید
دلّالِ قضا برایگانش بفروخت

82. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Manzil*, in line 2, 'lodging;' in line 3, 'stage.' *Khimăyé*, a 'tent.'

83. C. L. N. A. B. I. J.

84.

In the sweet spring a grassy bank I sought,
And thither wine, and a fair Houri brought;
And, though the people called me graceless dog,
Gave not to Paradise another thought!

85.

Sweet is rose-ruddy wine in goblets gay,
And sweet are lute and harp and roundelay;
But for the zealot who ignores the cup,
'Tis sweet when he is twenty leagues away!

86.

Life, void of wine, and minstrels with their lutes,
And the soft murmurs of Irákian flutes,
Were nothing worth: I scan the world and see,
Save pleasure, life yields only bitter fruits.

---

84. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. *Batar*, a contraction. See Bl. Prosody, p. 10.

٨٤

در فصلِ بهار با بتِ حور سرشت
یك كوزهٔ مي اگر بود بر لبِ كشت
هر چند بنزدِ عام بد باشد این
از سگ بترم اگر كنم یادِ بهشت

٨٥

در جامِ طرب بادهٔ گلرنگ خوشست
با نغمهٔ عود و نالهٔ چنگ خوشست
زاهد كه خبر ندارد از جامِ شراب
دور از برِ ما هزار فرسنگ خوشست

٨٦

دورانِ جهان بي مي و ساقي خوش نیست
بي زمزمهٔ نايِ عراقي خوش نیست
هر چند در احوالِ جهان مینگرم
حاصل همه عشرتست و باقي خوش نیست

85. N. The MSS. have a variation of this. Note *Khŭsh*.
86. L. N. See an answer to this in No. 97.

87.

Make haste! soon must you quit this life below,
And pass the veil, and Allah's secrets know;
  Make haste to take your pleasure while
      you may,
You wot not whence you come, nor whither go.

88.

Depart we must! what boots it then to be,
To walk in vain desires continually?
  Nay, but if heaven vouchsafe no place of rest,
What power to cease our wanderings have we?

89.

To chant wine's praises is my daily task,
I live encompassed by cup, bowl and flask;
  Zealot! if reason be thy guide, then know
That guide of me doth ofttimes guidance ask.

87. C. L. N. A. I. In line 3 scan *nĭdánĭyaz.*
88. N. In line 3 scan *jáyīgă.* Bl., Prosody, p. 15.
89. C. L. N. A. I. J. In line 1 scan *maddáhĭyĭ;*

٨٧

دریاب که از روح جدا خواهي رفت
در پردهٔ اسرارِ خدا خواهی رفت
مي خور که نداني از کجا آمدهٔ
خوشباش نداني که کجا خواهي رفت

٨٨

رفتن چو حقیقتست پس بودن چیست
راهِ طمعِ محال پیمودن چیست
جائیکه بمصلحت نخواهند گذاشت
فارغ ز سفر بودن و آسودن چیست

٨٩

عمریست که مدّاحیِ مي وردِ منست
و اسبابِ میست هرچه در گردِ منست
زاهد اگر استادِ تو عقلست اینجا
خوشباش که استادِ تو شاگردِ منست

and compare Horace, "*Edocet artes;*
Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum."

90.

O men of morals! why do ye defame,
And thus misjudge me? I am not to blame.
Save weakness for the grape, and female charms,
What sins of mine can any of ye name?

91.

Who treads in passion's footsteps here below,
A helpless pauper will depart, I trow;
Remember who you are, and whence you come,
Consider what you do, and whither go.

92.

Skies like a zone our weary lives enclose,
And from our tear-stained eyes a Jihun flows;
Hell is a fire enkindled of our griefs;
Heaven but a moment's peace, stolen from our woes.

---

90. C. L. N. A. I. J. This change of persons is called *Iltifát*. Gladwin, Persian Rhetoric, p. 56.

91. C. L. N. A. I. *Khabarat*: see Bl., Prosody, p. v.

۹۰

فاسق خوانند مردمانم پیوست
من بیگنهم خیالِ شان بر من بست
بر من بخلافِ شرع ای اهلِ صلاح
جز خمر و لواطه و زنا جرم نه است

۹۱

گر در پیِ شهوت و هوا خواهی زفت
از من خبرت که بینوا خواهی رفت
بنگر چه کسی و از کجا آمدهٔ
میدان که چه میکنی کجا خواهی رفت

۹۲

گردون کمری زعمرِ فرسودهٔ ماست
جیحون اثری ز چشمِ پالودهٔ ماست
دوزخ شرری ز رنجِ بیهودهٔ ماست
فردوس دمی ز وقتِ آسودهٔ ماست

92. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. This balanced arrangement of similes is called *Tirsi'a*. Gladwin, p. 5.

93.

I drown in sin—show me Thy clemency!
My soul is dark—make me Thy light to see!
A heaven that must be earned by painful works,
I call a wage, not a gift fair and free.

94.

Did He who made me fashion me for hell,
Or destine me for heaven? I cannot tell.
Yet will I not renounce cup, lute and love,
Nor earthly cash for heavenly credit sell.

95.

From right and left the censors came and stood,
Saying, "Renounce this wine, this foe of good;"
But if wine be the foe of holy faith,
By Allah, right it is to drink its blood!

93. C. L. N. A. I. J. Arabic words like *razá'* drop the *hamza* in Persian, except with the *izáfat:* (Bl. Prosody 14). For this *hamza*, *ya* is often used, as here.

٩٣

من بندهٔ عاصیم رضای تو کجاست
تاریک دلم نور و صفای تو کجاست
مارا تو بهشت اگر بطاعت بخشی
این مزد بود لطف وعطای تو کجاست

٩٤

من هیچ ندانم که مرا آن که سرشت
کرد اهل بهشت خوب یا دوزخ زشت
جامی و بتی و بربطی بر لب کشت
این هر سه مرا نقد و ترا نسیه بهشت

٩٥

من می خورم و مخالفان از چپ و راست
گویند مخور باده که دینرا اعداست
چون دانستم که می عدوی دینست
والله بخورم خون عدو را که رواست

94. C. L. N. A. B. I. In line 4 the *izáfat* is dropped after silent *he*. Bl., Prosody, p. 15.

95. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. See Koran, ii. 187.

96.

The good and evil with man's nature blent,
The weal and woe that heaven's decrees have sent,—
Impute them not to motions of the skies,—
Skies than thyself ten times more impotent.

97.

Against death's arrows what are bucklers worth?
What all the pomps and riches of the earth?
When I survey the world, I see no good
But goodness, all beside is nothing worth.

98.

Weak souls, who from the world cannot refrain,
Hold life-long fellowship with ruth and pain;
Hearts free from worldly cares have store of bliss,
All others seeds of bitter woe contain.

---

96. C. L. N. A. I. J. Fate is merely the decree of Allah. For the distinction between *kazá* and *kadar*, see Pocock, *Specimen Historiæ Arabum*, p. 207.

٩٦

نیکی و بدي که در نهادِ بشر است
شادي و غمي که در قضا و قدر است
با چرخ مکن حواله کاندر رهِ عقل
چرخ از تو هزار بار بیچاره‌تر است

٩٧

تیری که اجل کشد سپرها هیچست
وین محتشمي و سیم و زرها هیچ است
چندانکه بروي کارها در نگرم
نیکست که نیکست دگرها هیچ است

٩٨

هر دل که درو مایهٔ تجرید کم است
بیچاره همه عمر ندیمِ ندم است
جز خاطرِ فارغ که نشاطي دارد
باقي همه هرچه هست اسبابِ غم است

97. N. Possibly written on the margin by some pious reader as an answer to No. 86.

98. L. N. *Tajríd*, see *Gulshan i Ráz*, p. 8, n.

99.

He, in whose bosom wisdom's seed is sown,
To waste a single day was never known;
  Either he strives to work great Allah's will,
Or else exalts the cup, and works his own.

100.

When Allah mixed my clay, He knew full well
My future acts, and could each one foretell;
  Without His will no act of mine was wrought;
Is it then just to punish me in hell?

101.

Ye, who cease not to drink on common days,
Do not on Friday quit your drinking ways;
  Adopt my creed, and count all days the same,
Be worshippers of God, and not of days.

---

99. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. *Tqrabe*, query, *takhme?* giving a line in metre 23.

100. C. L. N. A. I. Of the Moslem theory of predestination, Khayyam might truly say, "Ten thousand

۹۹

هر کو طربي ز عقل در دل میکاشت
یکروز ز عمرِ خویش ضایع نگذاشت
یا در طلبِ رضايِ یزدان کوشید
یا راحتِ خود گزید و ساغر بر داشت

۱۰۰

یزدان چو گلِ وجودِ مارا آراست
دانست ز فعلِ ما چه خواهد بر خاست
بي حکمش نیست هر گناهي که مراست
پس سوختنِ قیامت از بهرِ چه خواست

۱۰۱

یکهفته شراب خورده باشي پیوست
هان تا ندهي بروزِ آدینه ز دست
در مذهبِ ما شنبه و آدینه یکیست
جبّار پرست باش نه روز پرست

---

mortals, drowned in endless woe, For doing what they were compelled to *do*."

101. L. N. In line 3 scan *yăkīst*.

102.

If grace be grace, and Allah gracious be,
Adam from Paradise why banished He?
  Grace to poor sinners shown is grace indeed;
In grace hard earned by works no grace I see.

103.

Dame Fortune's smiles are full of guile, beware!
Her scimitar is sharp to smite, take care!
  If e'er she drop a sweetmeat in thy mouth,
'Tis poisonous,—to swallow it forbear!

104.

Where'er you see a rose or tulip bed,
Know that a mighty monarch's blood was shed;
  And where the violet rears her purple tuft,
Be sure a black-moled girl hath laid her head.

---

102. N. The *tashdíd* of *rabb* is dropped. Bl., Prosody, p. iv.

103 C. L. A. B. I. *Hŭsh* contracted from *hósh*.

۱۰۲ ✓

یا رب تو کریمي و کریمي کرم است
عاصي ز چه رو برون ز باغِ ارم است
با طاعتم ار ببخشي آن نیست کرم
با معصیتم اگر ببخشي کرم است

۱۰۳

هُش دار که روزگار شورانگیزست
ایمن منشین که تیغِ دوران تیزست
در گامِ تو گر زمانه لوزینه نهد
زنهار فرو مبر که زهر آمیزست

۱۰۴

هر جا که گلي و لاله زاري بودست
از سرخيِ جونِ شهریاري بودست
هر برگِ بنفشه کز زمین مي روئید
خالیست که بر رخِ نگاري بودست

104. B. L. The MSS. have a variation of this, beginning *Har khisht ki.*

105.

Wine is a melting ruby, cup its mine;
Cup is the body, and the soul is wine;
These crystal goblets smile with ruddy wine
Like tears, that blood of wounded hearts enshrine.

106.

Drink wine! 'tis life etern, and travail's meed,
Fruitage of youth, and balm of age's need;
'Tis the glad time of roses, wine and friends;
Rejoice thy spirit—that is life indeed.

107.

Drink wine! long must you sleep within the tomb,
Without a friend, or wife to cheer your gloom;
Hear what I say, and tell it not again,
"Never again can withered tulips bloom."

---

105. L. B.

106. L. B. There being no *izáfat* after *yárán*, *sar i mast* must agree with *hangám*.

۱۰۵

مي لعلِ مذاب ست و صراحي كانست
جسمست پياله و شرابش جانست
آن جامِ بلورين كه ز مي خندانست
اشكي ست كه خونِ دل در و پنهانست

۱۰۶

مي نوش كه عمرِ جاوداني اينست
خود حاصلت از دورِ جواني اينست
هنگامِ گل ست و مل و ياران سرِ مست
خوش باش دمي كه زندگاني اينست

۱۰۷

مي خور كه بزيرِ گِل بسي خواهي خفت
بي مونس و بي حريف و بي همدم وجفت
زنهار بكس مگو تو اين رازِ نهفت
هر لالهء پژمرده نخواهد بشكفت

---

107. C. A. B. I. J. This recalls the chorus in the Oedipus Coloneus.

108.

They preach how sweet those Houri brides
will be,
But I say wine is sweeter—taste and see!
Hold fast this cash, and let that credit go,
And shun the din of empty drums like me.

109.

Once and again my soul did me implòre,
To teach her, if I might, the heavenly lore;
I bade her learn the *Alif* well by heart.
Who knows that letter well need learn no more.

110.

I came not hither of my own freewill,
And go against my wish, a puppet still;
Cupbearer! gird thy loins, and fetch some
wine;
To purge the world's despite, my goblet fill.

---

108. C. L. A. B. I. J. *Súr*, 'nuptials.'

109. B. *Alif kafat*, the One (God) is enough. Probably a quotation. Hafiz (Ode 416) uses the same

۱۰۸

گویند مرا چو سور با حور خوش ست
من می گویم که آبِ انگور خوش ست
این نقد بگیر و دست ازان نَسیه بدار
کاوازِ دهل شنیدن از دور خوش ست

۱۰۹

دل گفت مرا علمِ لدنّی هوس است
تعلیم بکن اگر ترا دست رس است
گفتم که اَلِفْ کَفَتْ دگر هیچ مگو
در خانه اگر کس است یك حرف بس است

۱۱۰

چون آمدنم بمن نبُد روزِ نخست
وین رفتن بیمرادِ عزمیست درست
بر خیز و میان به بند ای ساقیِ چست
کاندوهِ جهان بمی فرو خواهم شست

---

expression : 'He who knows the One knows all.'

110. C. L. A. B. I. J. *'azmé, yá i tankír*, or *tans ifi?* See note to No. 373.

111.

How long must I make bricks upon the sea?
Beshrew this vain task of idolatry;
  Call not Khayyám a denizen of hell;
One while in heaven, and one in hell is he.

112.

Sweet is the breath of Spring to rose's face,
And thy sweet face adds charm to this fair place;
  To-day is sweet, but yesterday is sad,
And sad all mention of its parted grace.

113.

To-night pour wine, and sing a dulcet air,
And I upon thy lips will hang, O fair;
  Yea, pour some wine as rosy as thy cheeks,
My mind is troubled like thy ruffled hair.

---

111. C. L. A. B. I. J. *Andar-ba*, Bl., Prosody 12.
112. C. L. A. B. I. J. *Khúsh* is pronounced *khăsh* or *khŭsh*. Bl., Prosody, p. 12. *Gúyí* is generally written

۱۱۱

تا چند زنم بروىِ درياها خشت
بيزار شدم ز بت پرستانِ كنشت
خيّام كه گفت دوزخى خواهد بود
گه رفت بدوزخ و گه اندر به بهشت

۱۱۲

بر چهرهٔ گل نسيمِ نو روز خوشست
در صحْنِ چمن روىِ دل‌افروز خوشست
از دى كه گذشت هرچه گوئى خوش نيست
خوش باش و ز دى مگو كه امروز خوشست

۱۱۳

بر خيز و بده باده چه جاىِ سخنست
كامشب دهنِ تنگِ تو روزىِّ من است
مارا چو رخِ خويش مىِ گلگون ده
كين نوبتِ من چو زلفِ تو پر شكنست

---

with *hamza* and *ya*, but in some MSS. *fatha* is substituted for the *hamza* [?].

113. B. *Rōzīyyĭ*. See note to No. 28.

114.

Pen, tablet, heaven and hell I looked to see
Above the skies, from all eternity;
At last the master sage instructed me,
"Pen, tablet, heaven and hell are all in thee."

115.

The fruit of certitude *he* cannot pluck,
The path that leads thereto who never struck,
Nor ever shook the bough with strenuous hand;
To-day is lost; hope for to-morrow's luck.

116.

Now spring-tide showers its foison on the land,
And lively hearts wend forth, a joyous band,
For 'Isa's breath wakes the dead earth to life,
And trees gleam white with flowers, like Musa's hand.

---

114. Allah writes his decrees with the "pen" on the "tablet." Koran, lxviii. 1. See *Gulshan i Ráz*, 1, n.

115. L. B. *Lit.* "Consider to-morrow your first day."

۱۱۴

برتر ز سپهر خاطرم روزِ نخست طرز ؟
لوح و قلم و بهشت و دوزخ مي جست
پس گفت مرا معلّم از رایِ درست
لوح و قلم و بهشت و دوزخ با تُست

۱۱۵

انرا که برِنهالِ تحقیق نرُست
زانست که او نیست درین راه درست
هرکس زده است دست در شاخي سست
امروز چو دی شناس و فردا چو نخست

۱۱۶

اکنون که جهانرا بخوشي دسترسیست
هر زنده دلي را سویِ صحْرا هَوَسیست
بر هر شاخي طلوعِ موسیٰ دستیست
در هر نفسي خروشِ عیسیٰ نفسیست

---

116. B. Alluding to the life-giving breath of Jesus, and the white hand of Moses. (Exodus, iv. 6). *Ba-khŭshi dastrase (yá i tankír)*, "*an* aid to joy," *i.e.* Spring.

117.

Alas for that cold heart, which never glows
With love, nor e'er that charming madness knows;
The days misspent with no redeeming love;—
No days are wasted half as much as those!

118.

The zephyrs waft thy fragrance, and it takes
My heart, and me, his master, he forsakes;
Careless of me he pants and leaps to thee,
And thee his pattern and ensample makes!

119.

Drink wine! and then as Mahmud thou wilt reign,
And hear a music passing David's strain:
Think not of past or future, seize to-day,
Then all thy life will not be lived in vain.

---

117. Bl. L. B. Note *wa* omitted in line 2, Bl.

118. Bl. C. L. A. I. J. Also ascribed to Abu Sa'id bin Abul Khair. C. writes *buyí* with two *yás*, and *hamza* on the first. The second *yá* seems to be *ya i batní* or

١١٧

ای وای بران دل که درو سوزی نیست
سودازدهٔ مهرِ دلافروزی نیست
روزی که تو بی عشق بسر خواهی برد
ضایع‌تر از ان روز ترا روزی نیست

١١٨

از بادِ صبا دلم چو بویِ تو گرفت
مارا بگذاشت جست و جویِ تو گرفت
اکنون ز منش هیچ نمی آید یاد
بویِ تو گرفته بود و خویِ تو فرگت

١١٩

با باده نشین که ملکِ محمود این است
وز چنگ شنو که لحنِ داود این است
از آمده و رفته دگر یاد مکن
حالی خوش باش زانکه مقصود این است

---

auṣífi, though that is usual only before adjectives.
Bl., Prosody, p. 11.

119. Bl. C. L. A. I. J.

۱۲۰

ده عقل و ز نُه رواق وز هشت بهشت
هفت اخترم از شش جهت این نامه نوشت
کز پنج حواس و چار ارکان و سه روح
ایزد بدو عالم چو تو یك کس نسرشت

۱۲۱

دیریست که صد هزار عیسیٰ دیدست
طوریست که صد هزار موسیٰ دیدست
قصّریست که صد هزار قیصر بگذشت
طاقیست که صد هزار کسریٰ دیدست

۱۲۲

سیم ارچه نه مایهء خردمندانست
بی سیمان را باغِ جهان زندانست
از دستِ تهی بنفشه سر بر زانوست
وز کیسهء زر دهانِ گل خندانست

---

121. L. J. Time is long and life short.

122. L. Alluding to the golden stamens of the rose. I supply *tihi* from the Cambridge MS.

123.

Heaven's wheel has made full many a heart to moan,
And many a budding rose to earth has thrown;
Plume thee not on thy youth and lusty strength,
Full many a bud is blasted ere 'tis blown.

124.

What lord is fit to rule but "Truth?" not one.
What beings disobey His rule? not one.
All things that are are such as He decrees,
And naught is there beside beneath the sun.

125.

That azure coloured vault, and golden tray
Have turned, and will turn yet for many a day;
And just so we, impelled by turns of fate,—
We come here for a while, then pass away.

---

123. L. In line 3 scan *jawániyáy*.

124. C. L. A. I. "The Truth" is the Sufi name for the Deity. Note *tashdíd* on *Ḥakk* dropped.

۱۲۳

بس خونِ کسان که چرخِ بیباك بریخت
بس گل که بر آمد از گِلِ و پاك بریخت
بر حسن و جوانی ای پسر غرّه مشو
بس غنچهٔ ناشگفته بر خاك بریخت

۱۲۴

جز حق حَکَمی که حکم را شاید نیست
هستی که ز حکمِ او برون آید نیست
هر چیز که هست آنچنان میباید
آنچیز که آنچنان نمی باید نیست

۱۲۵

این گمبدِ لاجوردی و زرّین طشت
بسیار بگشتست و دگر خواهد گشت
یکچند ز اقتضایِ دورانِ قضا
ما نیز چو دیگران رسیدیم و گذشت

125. Bl. L. *Guzasht*, "It is all over with us." Bl., "Golden tray," the Sun. In line 1 scan *lájăwardīyō*. Bl., Prosody, p. 11.

126.

The Master did himself these vessels frame,
Why should he cast them out to scorn and shame?
If he has made them well, why should he break them?
Yea, though he marred them, *they* are not to blame.

127.

Kindness to friends and foes 'tis well to show,
No kindly heart can prove unkind, I trow:
Harshness will alienate a bosom friend,
And kindness reconcile a deadly foe.

128.

To lover true, what matters dark or fair?
Or if the loved one silk, or sackcloth wear,
Or lie on down or dust, or rise to heaven?
Yea, though she sink to hell, he'll seek her there.

---

126. C. L. A. I. J. In line 4 *ṣuwar* is an Arabic plural used as a singular. Bl., Prosody, p. 5.

۱۲۶

دارنده چو ترکیبِ طبائع آراست
از بهرِ چه او فکندش اندر کم و کاست
گر نیك آمد شکستن از بهرِ چه بود
ور نیك نیامد این صُوَر عیب کراست

۱۲۷

با دشمن و دوست فعلِ نیکو نیکوست
بد کي کند آنکه نیکیش عادت و خوست
با دوست چو بد کني شود دشمنِ تو
با دشمن اگر نیك کني گردد دوست

۱۲۸

در چشمِ محققان چه زیبا چه زشت
منزلگهِ عاشقان چه دوزخ چه بهشت
پوشیدنِ بیدلان چه اطلس چه پلاس
زیر سرِ عاشقان چه بالین چه خشت

127. L. In line 2 scan *nēykīyāsh.*
128. L. Probably mystical.

129.

Full many a hill and vale I journeyed o'er;
Journeyed through the world's wide quarters four,
But never heard of pilgrim who returned;
When once they go, they go to come no more.

130.

Wine-houses flourish through this thirst of mine,
Loads of remorse weigh down this back of mine;
Yet, if I sinned not, what would mercy do?
Mercy depends upon these sins of mine.

131.

Thy being is the being of Another,
Thy passion is the passion of Another.
Cover thy head, and think, and thou wilt see,
Thy hand is but the cover of Another.

---

129. C. L. N. (in part) A. I. J.

130. C. Bl. L. A. I. J. Bl. quotes similar sentiments from Nizámi and Háfiz. Mercy is God's highest attribute, and sin is required to call it forth.

۱۲۹

بسیار بگشتیم بگردِ در و دشت
اندر همه آفاق بگشتیم بگشت
از کس نشنیدیم که آمد زین راه
راهي که برفت راه‌رو باز نگشت

۱۳۰

آبادِ خرابات ز مي خوردنِ ماست
خونِ دو هزار توبه در گردنِ ماست
گر من نکنم گناه رحمت که کند
رحمت همه موقوفِ گنه کردنِ ماست

۱۳۱

این هستیِ تو هستیِ هستی دگرست
وین مستیِ تو مستیِ مستی دگرست
رو سر بگریبانِ تفکّر در کش
کین دستِ تو آستینِ دستی دگرست

---

131. Bl. Meaning, God is the *Fá'il i hakíkí*, the only real agent. *Hastí digár*—another being—*hast*, with *yá i batni*.

132.

From learning to the cup your bridle turn;
All lore of world to come, save Kausar, spurn;
  Your turban pawn for wine, or keep a shred
To bind your brow, and all the remnant burn.

133.

See! from the world what profit have I gained?
What fruitage of my life in hand retained?
  What use is Jamshed's goblet, once 'tis crushed?
What pleasure's torch, when once its light has waned?

134.

When life is spent, what's Balkh or Nishapore?
What sweet or bitter, when the cup runs o'er?
  Come drink! full many a moon will wax and wane
In times to come, when we are here no more.

---

132. N. The metre shows we must pronounce *tarafe*, "a portion," not *tarfe*, "a girdle." *Kausar*, the river of wine in Paradise.

۱۳۲

از فضل عنان بهپیچ و در ساغر پیچ
از خلد و سقر بگذر و در کوثر پیچ
دستارِ قصب ببادهٔ بفروش ومترس
کم کن قصبی پس طرفی بر سر پیچ

۱۳۳

بنگر ز جهان چه طرف بر بستم هیچ
وز حاصلِ عمر چیست در دستم هیچ
شمعِ طربم ولي چو بنشستم هیچ
من جامِ جمم ولي چو بشکستم هیچ

۱۳۴

چون جان بلب آمد چه نشاپور وچه بلخ
پیمانه چو پر شود چه شیرین و چه تلخ
مي نوش که بعد از من و تو ماهِ بسي
از سلخ بغرّه آید از غرّه بسلخ

133. L. N. *Tarf bar bastan*, "to reap advantage."
134. C. L. N. A. B. I. J.

135.

O fair ! whose cheeks checkmate red eglantine,
And draw the game with those fair maids of Chín ;
You played one glance against the king of Babil
And took his pawns, and knights, and rooks, and queen.

136.

Life's caravan is hastening on its way ;
Brood not on troubles of the coming day,
But fill the wine-cup, ere sweet night be gone,
And snatch a pleasant moment, while you may.

137.

He, who the world's foundations erst did lay,
Doth bruise full many a bosom day by day,
And many a ruby lip and musky tress
Doth coffin in the earth, and shroud with clay.

---

135. L. B. For *Bábil* L. reads *Máil.*

136. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. The "*rinds*" loved a dark night. Bl.

١٣٥

اي عارضِ تو نهاده بر نسرين طرح
رويِ تو فگنده بر بتانِ چين طرح
دي غمزهء تو داده شهِ بابل را
اسپ و رخ و فيل و بيذق و فرزين طرح

١٣٦

اين قافلهء عمر عجب ميگذرد
درياب دمي كه از طرب ميگذرد
ساقي غمِ فرداي حريفان چه خوری
پيش آر پياله را كه شب ميگذرد

١٣٧

آنكس كه زمين و چرخ و افلاك نهاد
بس داغ كه او بر دلِ غمناك نهاد
بسيار لبِ چو لعل وزلفينِ چو مشك
در طبلِ زمين و حقّهٔ خاك نهاد

137. C. L. N. A. I. J. So Job, "Is it good unto thee that thou shouldest oppress, that thou shouldest despise the work of thine hands?"

138.

Be not beguiled by world's insidious wiles ;
O foolish ones, ye know her tricks and guiles;
Your precious lifetime cast not to the winds;
Haste to seek wine, and court a sweetheart's smiles.

139.

Comrades! I pray you, physic me with wine,
Make this wan amber face like rubies shine,
And, if I die, use wine to wash my corpse,
And frame my coffin out of planks of vine!

140.

When Allah yoked the coursers of the sun,
And launched the Pleiades their race to run,
My lot was fixed in fate's high chancery;
Then why blame me for wrong that fate has done?

---

138. N.

139. C. L. N. A. B. I. *Kahrabá*, "amber," literally "attractor of straw." *Rúy ĭ—izáfat* before the epithet. Lumsden, ii. 259.

۱۳۸

ای بیخبران عشوهٔ دنیا مخرید
چون از همه حالهایِ او با خبرید
و ین عمرِ عزیزِ خویش مدهید بباد
هان یار طلب کنید و هین باده خورید

۱۳۹

اي همنفسان مرا ز مي قوّت کنید
وین رويِ چو کهربا چو یاقوت کنید
چون مرده شوم بمي بشوئید مرا
وز چوبِ رزم تختهٔ تابوت کنید

۱۴۰

آنروز که توسنِ فلك زین کردند
وارایشِ مشتريّ و پروین کردند
این بود نصیبِ ما ز دیوانِ قضا
مارا چه گنه قسمتِ ما این کردند

140. C. L. N. A. I. J. Also ascribed to Afzul Káshí. *Mushtărīyyŏ*, see Bl., Prosody, p. 11. In line 3 some MSS. read *mai* for *ín*. See No. 144.

141.

Ah ! seasoned wine oft falls to rawest fools,
And clumsiest workmen own the finest tools;
  And Turki maids, fit to delight men's hearts,
Lavish their smiles on beardless boys in schools!

142.

Whilom, ere youth's conceit had waned, me-
    thought
Answers to all life's problems I had wrought ;
  But now, grown old and wise, too late I see
My life is spent, and all my lore is naught.

143.

They, who of prayer-mats make such great
    display,
Are fools to bear hypocrisy's hard sway;
  Strange! under cover of this saintly show
They live like heathen, and their faith betray.

141. N. So Hafiz, 'If that Turki maid of Shiraz,' etc.
142. N. [C. A. and I. give another version of this.]
143. C. L. N. A. I. In line 2, note the arrange-

۱۴۱

افسوس که نانِ پخته خامان دارند
اسبابِ تمام ناتمامان دارند
چشمِ خوشِ ترکان بتماشايِ دلست
ملکيست که شاگرد و غلامان دارند

۱۴۲

اکنون که دم ز عمر محروم نشد
کم بود ز اسرار که مفهوم نشد
چون نيك همي بنگرم از رويِ خرد
عمرم بگذشت و هيچ معلوم نشد

۱۴۳

آنقوم که سجّاده پرستند خرند
زيرا که بزيرِ بارِ سالوس درند
وين از همه طرفه‌تر که در پردهٔ زهد
اسلام فروشند و ز کافر بترند

---

ment of the prepositions *ba . . . . dar*, Bl., Prosody 13. There is a proverb, "The Devil lives in Mecca and Medinah."

144.

To him, who would his sins extenuate,
Let pious men this verse reiterate,
"To call God's prescience the cause of sin
In wisdom's purview is but folly's prate."

145.

He brought me hither, and I felt surprise,
From life I gather but a dark surmise,
I go against my will;—thus, why I come,
Why live, why go, are all dark mysteries.

146.

When I recall my grievous sins to mind,
Fire burns my breast, and tears my vision blind;
Yet, when a slave repents, is it not meet
His lord should pardon, and again be kind?

144. L. N. *Sahl*, "of no account."
145. C. L. N. A.
146. L. N. In line 2, *az sar guzarad* means "drops

۱۴۴

آنکس که گنه بنزدِ او سهل بود
این نکته بگوید انکه او اهل بود
علم ازلی علّتِ عصیان کردن
نزدیکِ حکیم غایتِ جهل بود

۱۴۵

آورد باضطرابم اوّل بوجود
جز حیرتم از حیات چیزی نفزود
رفتیم باکراه و ندانیم چه بود
زین آمدن و رفتن و بودن مقصود

۱۴۶

اندیشهٔ جرمم چو بخاطر گذرد
از آتشِ سینه آبم از سر گذرد
لیکن شرطست بنده چون توبه کند
مخدوم بلطفِ خویش از سر گذرد

---

from the eyes," and in line 4, "remits the penalty." This change of meaning is called *Tajnís*.

147.

They at whose lore the whole world stands amazed,
Whose high thoughts, like Borák, to heaven are raised,
Strive to know Thee in vain, and like heaven's wheel
Their heads are turning, and their brains are dazed.

148.

Allah hath promised wine in Paradise,
Why then should wine on earth be deemed a vice?
An Arab in his cups cut Hamzah's girths,—
For that sole cause was drink declared a vice.

149.

Now of old joys naught but the name is left,
Of all old friends but wine we are bereft,
And that wine *new*, but still cleave to the cup,
For save the cup, what single joy is left?

---

147. C. L. N. A. Borák, the steed on which Muhammad made his famous nocturnal ascent to heaven.

148. L. N. Nicolas says this refers to an event

۱۴۷

آنها که خلاصهٔ جهان ایشانند
بر اوجِ فلك براقِ فکرت رانند
در معرفتِ ذاتِ تو مانندِ فلك
سرگشته و سرنگون و سرگردانند

۱۴۸

ایزد ببهشت وعده با ما مَی کرد
پس در دو جهان حرام مَیرا کی کرد
شخصی ز عرب بافهٔ حمزه پی کرد
پیغمبرِ ما حرام می بر وی کرد

۱۴۹

اکنون که ز خوشدلی بجز نام نماند
یك همدمِ پخته جز مَیِ خام نماند
دستِ طرب از ساغرِ می باز مگیر
امروز که در دست بجز جام نماند

---

which occured to Hamzah, a relation of Muhammad.

149. L. N. B. In line 2 scan *măyī*.

150.

The world will last long after Khayyam's fame
Has passed away, yea, and his very name ;
Aforetime we were not, and none did heed.
When we are dead and gone, 'twill be the same.

151.

The sages who have compassed sea and land,
Their secret to search out, and understand,—
My mind misgives me if they ever solve
The scheme on which this universe is planned.

152.

Ah ! wealth takes wings, and leaves our hands all bare,
And death's rough hands delight our hearts to tear ;
And from the nether world let none escape,
To bring us news of the poor pilgrims there.

---

150. N. The contraction *bŭd* for *búd* is archaic, Bl., Prosody 13.

151. C. L. N. A. I.

۱۵۰

ای بس که نباشیم و جهان خواهد بود
ني نام ز ما و ني نشان خواهد بود
زین پیش نبودیم و نبُد هیچ خلل
زین پس چو نباشیم و همان خواهد بود

۱۵۱

آنها که جهان زیرِ قدم فرسودند
و اندر طلبش هر دو جهان پیمودند
آگاه نمیشوم که ایشان هرگز
زین حال چنانکه هست آگه بودند

۱۵۲

افسوس که سرمایه ز کف بیرون شد
وز دستِ اجل بسی جگرها خون شد
کس نامد از آنجهان که پرسم اَز وي
کاحوالِ مسافرانِ عالم چون شد

152. C. L. N. A. I. In line 3 the *Alif* in *az wé* is not treated as an *Alif i wasl*, hence *sam*, the syllable preceding it, is long.

153.

'Tis passing strange, those titled noblemen
Find their own lives a burden sore, but when
They meet with poorer men, not slaves to sense,
They scarcely deign to reckon them as men.

154.

The wheel on high, still busied with despite,
Will ne'er unloose a wretch from his sad plight;
But when it lights upon a smitten heart,
Straightway essays another blow to smite.

155.

Now is the volume of my youth outworn,
And all my spring-tide blossoms rent and torn.
Ah, bird of youth! I marked not when you came,
Nor when you fled, and left me thus forlorn.

---

153. C. L. N. A. I. In line 4 scan *Ádămēshă*. See Bl., Prosody, p. xii. Section xxix.

154. C. L. N. A. I.—Note *ra* separated from its

۱۵۳

اين جمْعِ اكابر كه مناصب دارند
از غصّه و غم ز جانِ خود بيزارند
و آنكس كه اسيرِ حرص چون ايشان نيست
وين طرفه كه آدميش مي نشمارند

۱۵۴

اين چرخِ جفاپيشهء عالي بنياد
هرگز گرهِ كارِ كسي را نگشاد
هرجا كه دلي ديد كه داغي دارد
داغِ دگري بر سرِ آن داغ نهاد

۱۵۵

افسوس كه نامهء جوانى طى شد
وين تازه بهارِ شادماني طي شد
آنمرغِ طرب كه نامِ او بود شباب
فرياد ندانم كه كي آمد كي شد

---

noun by intervening genitives. Vullers, Section 207.

155. C. L. N. A. I. In line 4 scan *kăyámad*, dissolving the diphthong.

156.

These fools, by dint of ignorance most crass,
Think they in wisdom all mankind surpass;
And glibly do they damn as infidel,
Whoever is not, like themselves, an ass.

157.

Still be the wine-house thronged with its glad choir,
And Pharisaic skirts burnt up with fire;
Still be those tattered frocks, and azure robes
Trod under feet of revellers in the mire.

158.

Why toil ye to ensue illusions vain,
And good or evil of the world attain?
Ye rise like Zamzam, or the fount of life,
And, like them, in earth's bosom sink again.

---

156. N. So Job, "Ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." Probably addressed to the 'Ulama.

١٥٦

با این دو سه نادان که جهاندارانند
از جهل که داناي جهان ایشانند
خوشباش که از خرّمي ایشان بمثل
هرکو نه خرست کافرش میدانند

١٥٧

پیوسته خرابات ز رندان خوشباد
در دامنِ زهدِ زاهدان آتش باد
آن دلق بصد پاره و آن صوفِ کبود
افتاده بزیرِ پایِ دُردی کش باد

١٥٨

تاچند اسیرِ رنگ و بو خواهي شد
چند ازپيِ هر زشت و نکو خواهی شد
گر چشمهٔ زمزمي وگر ز آبِ حیات
آخر بدلِ خاك فرو خواهي شد

157. C. L. N. A. J. Hafiz (Ode V.) speaks of the blue robes of certain Darvishes, as a mark of hypocrisy.
158. C. L. N. A. I.

159.

Till the Friend pours his wine to glad my heart,
No kisses to my face will heaven impart:
  They say, "Repent in time;" but how repent,
Ere Allah's grace hath softened my hard heart?

160.

When I am dead, take me and grind me small,
So that I be a caution unto all,
  And knead me into clay with wine, and then
Use me to stop the wine-jar's mouth withal.

161.

What though the sky with its blue canopy
Doth close us in so that we cannot see,
  In the etern Cupbearer's wine, methinks,
There float a myriad bubbles like to me.

---

159. C. L. N. A. I. Meaning, man is powerless to mend his ways without Divine grace.

160. C. L. N. A. I. J.

۱۵۹

تا یار شرابِ جانفزایم ندهد
صد بوسه فلك بر سر و پایم ندهد
گویند که توبه کن اگر وقت آید
چون توبه کنم تا که خدایم ندهد

۱۶

چون مرده شوم خاك مرا کم سازید
واحول مرا عبرتِ مردم سازید
خاكِ تنِ من بباده آغشته کنید
وز کالبدم خشتِ سرِ خم سازید

۱۶۱

خیّام اگرچه خرگهِ چرخِ کبود
زد خیمه و دربست درِ گفت و شنود
چون شکلِ حبابِ باده در جامِ وجود
ساقیِّ ازل هزار خیّام نمود

161. N. For the *tashdíd* on *sákīyyī* in line 4, see Bl., Prosody, p. 11, and Lumsden, Grammar, vol. ii., p. 247.

162.

Take heart! Long in the weary tomb you'll lie,
While stars keep countless watches in the sky,
And see your ashes moulded into bricks,
To build another's house and turrets high.

163.

Glad hearts, who seek not notoriety,
Nor flaunt in gold and silken bravery,
Haunt not this ruined earth like gloomy owls,
But wing their way, Simurgh-like, to the sky.

164.

Wine's power is known to wine-bibbers alone,
To narrow heads and hearts 'tis never shown;
I blame not them who never felt its force,
For, till they feel it, how can it be known?

---

162. L. N. C. A. and I. split this into two. In line 1 note *izáfat* dropped after silent *he*.

۱۶۲

خوشباش که غصّه بیکران خواهد بود
بر چرخ قران اختران خواهد بود
خشتي که ز قالَبِ تو خواهند زدن
ایوانِ سرایِ دیگران خواهد بود

۱۶۳

خرّم دلِ آنکسی که معروف نشُد
در جُبّه و درّاعه و در صوف نشد
سیمرغ صفت بعرش پروازی کرد
در کنجِ خرابهٔ جهان بوف نشُد

۱۶۴

حالِ گل و مل باده‌پرستان دانند
نه تَنگدلان و تنگدستان دانند
از بیخبری بیخبران معذورند
ذوقیست درین شیوه که مستان دانند

163. C. L. N. A. I.
164. C. N. A. I. J.

165.

Needs must the tavern-haunter bathe in wine,
For none can make a tarnished name to shine;
Go! bring me wine, for none can now restore
Its pristine sheen to this soiled veil of mine.

166.

I wasted life in hope, yet gathered not
In all my life of happiness one jot;
Now my fear is that life may not endure,
Till I have taken vengeance on my lot!

167.

Be very wary in the soul's domain,
And on the world's affairs your lips refrain;
Be, as it were, sans tongue, sans ear, sans eye,
While tongue, and ears, and eyes you still retain.

---

165. C. L. N. A. B. I. In line 3 scan *mastúríyĭ* dissolving the letter of prolongation *yá*.

١٦٥

در میکده جز بمی وضو نتوان کرد
وان نام که زشت شد نکو نتوان کرد
می ده که کنون پردهٔ مستوری ما
بدریده چنان شد که رفو نتوان کرد

١٦٦

دادم بامید روزگاری بر باد
تا بود ز روزگار خود روزی شاد
زان میترسم که روزگارم ندهد
چندانکه ز روزگار بستانم داد

١٦٧

در عالم جان بهوش میباید بود
در کار جهان خموش میباید بود
تا چشم و زبان و گوش بر جا باشد
بیچشم و زبان و گوش میباید بود ..

166. C. L. N. A. I. *Rozgáré*, "some time." In line 3, note the *madd* of *Án* dropped. Bl., Prosody, p. 11.
167. L. N.

168.

Let him rejoice who has a loaf of bread,
A little nest wherein to lay his head,
Is slave to none, and no man slaves for him,—
In truth his lot is wondrous well bested.

169.

What adds my service to Thy majesty?
Or how can sin of mine dishonour Thee?
O pardon, then, and punish not, I know
Thou 'rt slow to wrath, and prone to clemency.

170.

Hands, such as mine, that handle bowls of wine,
'Twere shame to book and pulpit to confine;
Zealot! thou'rt dry, and I am moist with drink,
Yea, far too moist to catch that fire of thine!

168. C. L. N. A. I. Note *wa* omitted.
169. C. L. N. A. I.
170. L. N. I follow Nicolas in taking *mani* as a

١٦٨

در دهر هر آن که نیم نانی دارد
از بهر نشست آشیانی دارد
نه خادم کس بود نه مخدوم کسی
گو شاد بزي که خوش جهانی دارد

١٦٩

در ملك تو از طاعت من هیچ فزود
وز معصیتی که رفت نقصانی بود
بگذار و مگیر چونکه معلومم شد
گیرندهٔ دیریّ وگذارندهٔ زود

١٧٠

دستی چو مني که جام و ساغر گیرد
حیفست که او دفتر و منبر گیرد
تو زاهد خشکیّ و منم فاسق تر
آتش نشنیده ام که در تر گیرد

possessive pronoun, "mine," though such a word is not mentioned in any grammar or dictionary. It occurs again in No. 478.

171.

Whoso aspires to gain a rose-cheeked fair,
Sharp pricks from fortune's thorns must learn
to bear.
See! till this comb was cleft by cruel cuts,
It never dared to touch my lady's hair.

172.

For ever may my hands on wine be stayed,
And my heart pant for some fair Houri maid!
They say, "May Allah aid thee to repent!"
Repent I could not, e'en with Allah's aid!

173.

Soon shall I go, by time and fate deplored,
Of all my precious pearls not one is bored;
Alas! there die with me a thousand truths
To which these fools fit audience ne'er accord.

171. C. L. N. A. I. Lyttleton expresses a similar sentiment.

172. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. Note the conjunctive pro-

١٧١

در دهر کسی بگلعذاری نرسید
تا بر دلش از زمانه خاری نرسید
در شانه نگر که تا بصد شاخ نشد
دستش بسرِ زلفِ نگاری نرسید

١٧٢

در دست همیشه آبِ انگورم باد
در سر هَوَسِ بتانِ چون حورم باد
گونید مرا که ایزدت توبه دهاد
او خود بدهد من نکنم دُورم باد

١٧٣

رفتیم و ز ما زمانه آشفته بماند
با آنکه ز صد گهر یکی سفته نماند
افسوس که صد هزار معنیِّ دقیق
از بیخَرَدیِّ خلق نا گفته بماند

---

noun *am* separated from its noun, Bl., Prosody, p. xiii.

173. C. L. N. A. I. For the *tashdids* on *maniyyi* and *bekhiradiyyi*, see Bl., Prosody, p. 11.

174.

To-day how sweetly breathes the temperate air,
The rains have newly laved the parched parterre;
And Bulbuls cry in notes of ecstacy,
"Thou too, O pallid rose, our wine must share!"

175.

Ere you succumb to shocks of mortal pain,
The rosy grape-juice from your wine-cup drain.
You are not gold, that, hidden in the earth,
Your friends should care to dig you up again!

176.

My coming brought no profit to the sky,
Nor does my going swell its majesty;
Coming and going put me to a stand,
Ear never heard their wherefore nor their why.

---

174. L. N. B. Note *khward* rhyming with *gard*. Bl., Prosody, p. 12. The *waw*, of course, does not count.

175. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. Note the old form of the imperative, *farmáy*. Bl., Prosody, p. 13.

۱۷۴

روزیست خوش و هوا نه گرمست ونه سرد
ابر از رخِ گلزار همی شوید گرد
بلبل بزبانِ حالِ ما با گلِ زرد
فریاد همی زند که مَی باید خورْد

۱۷۵

زان پیش که غمهات شبیخون آرند
فرمای که تا بادهٔ گلگون آرند
تو زر نهٔ ای غافلِ نادان که ترا
در خاک نهند و باز بیرون آرند

۱۷۶

از آمدنم نبود گردونرا سُود
وز رفتنِ مَن جاه و جلالش نفزود
وز هیچکسی نیز دو گوشم نشنود
کین آمدن و رفتنم از بهْرِ چه بُود

176. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. In line 4 read *ámadan* for *ámadanam*, which will not scan. Voltaire has some similar lines in his poem on the Lisbon earthquake.

177.

The heavenly Sage, whose wit exceeds compare,
Counteth each vein, and numbereth every hair;
Men you may cheat by hypocritic arts,
But how cheat Him to whom all hearts are bare?

178.

Ah! wine lends wings to many a weary wight,
And beauty spots to ladies' faces bright;
All Ramazan I have not drunk a drop,
Thrice welcome then, O Bairam's blessed night!

179.

All night in deep bewilderment I fret,
With tear-drops big as pearls my breast is wet;
I cannot fill my cranium with wine,
How can it hold wine, when 'tis thus upset?

---

177. C. L. N. A. I. J.
178. C. L. N. A. I. Bairam, the feast on the 1st

١٧٧

سرّت همه داناي فلك ميداند
کو موی بموی و رگ برگ میداند
گیرم که بزرق خلقرا بفْریبي
با او چه کنی که یك بیك میداند

١٧٨

سودازده‌را باده پر و بال بُوَد
می بر رخ خاتون خرد و خال بُوَد
ماه رمضان باده نخوردیم و برفت
باری شب عید ماه شوّال بُوَد

١٧٩

شب نیست که عقل در تحیّر نشود
وز گریه کنار من پر از دُر نشود
پر می نشود کاسهٔ سر از سودا؟
هر کاسه که سر نگون بُوَد پر نشود

Shawwal, after Ramazan. In line 2, *khirad* seems wrong, the rhyme would suggest *khar o?*

179. C. L. N. A. I. Note *tashdíd* of *durr* dropped.

180.

To prayer and fasting when my heart inclined,
All my desire I surely hoped to find;
Alas! my purity is stained with wine,
My prayers are wasted like a breath of wind.

181.

I worship rose-red cheeks with heart and soul,
I suffer not my hand to quit the bowl,
I make each part of me his function do,
Or e'er my parts be swallowed in the Whole.

182.

This worldly love of yours is counterfeit,
And, like a half-spent blaze, lacks light and heat;
True love is his, who for days, months and years,
Rests not, nor sleeps, nor craves for drink or meat.

---

180. C. L. N. A. I. In line 2, scan *kulliyam*. In line 4, note *izáfat* dropped after silent *he*.

181. C. L. N. A. I. Line 4 alludes to reabsorption

۱۸۰

طبعم بنماز و روزه چون مائل شد
گفتم که مرادِ کلّیم حاصل شد
افسوس که آن وضوببادی بشکست
وان روزه به نیمِ جرعه می باطل شد

۱۸۱

طبعم همه با رویِ چو گل پیوندد
دستم همه با ساغرِ مل پیوندد
از هر جزوی نصیبِ خود بر دارم
زان پیش که جزویم بکل پیوندد

۱۸۲

عشقي که مجازي بود آبش نبود
چون آتشِ نیم مرده تابش نبود
عاشق باید که ماه و سال و شب و روز
آرام و قرار و خورْد و خوابش نبود

---

in the Divine essence. Note *juzwiyam*, and *tashdíd* of *kull* dropped.

182. L. N. B. Line 3 is in metre 17.

183.

Why spend life in vainglorious essay
All Being and Not-being to survey?
Since Death is ever pressing at your heels,
'Tis best to drink or dream your life away.

184.

Some hanker after that vain phantasy
Of Houris, feigned in Paradise to be;
But, when the veil is lifted, they will find
How far they are from Thee, how far from Thee!

185.

In Paradise, they tell us, Houris dwell,
And fountains run with wine and oxymel:
If these be lawful in the world to come,
Surely 'tis right to love them here as well.

---

183. C. L. N. A. I. J. In line 2, scan *păyĭ*. Being, *i.e.* the Deity, the only real existence, and Not-being,

۱۸۳

عمرت تا کي بخود پرستی گذرد
یا در پیِ نیستيّ و هستي گذرد
می نوش که عمری که اجل درپیِ اوست
آن به که بخواب یا بمستی گذرد

۱۸۴

قومی ز گزاف در غرور افتادند
واندر طلبِ حور و قصور افتادند
معلوم شود چو پردها بر دارند
کز کويِ تو دور و دور و دور افتادند

۱۸۵

گویند بهشت و حور و عین خواهد بود
وانجا میِ ناب و انگبین خواهد بود
گر ما مي و معشوقه پرستیم رواست
چون عاقبتِ کار همین خواهد بود ..

the nonentity in which His attributes are reflected. See *Gulshan i Ráz*, p. 14.

184. C. L. N. A. I. 185. C. L. N. A. I. J.

186.

A draught of wine would make a mountain dance,
Base is the churl who looks at wine askance;
Wine is a soul our bodies to inspire,
A truce to this vain talk of temperance!

187.

Oft doth my soul her prisoned state bemoan,
Her earth-born comate she would fain disown,
And quit, did not the stirrup of the law
Upbear her foot from dashing on the stone.

188.

The moon of Ramazan is risen, see!
Alas, our wine must henceforth banished be;
Well! on Sha'bán's last day I'll drink enough
To keep me drunk till Bairam's jubilee.

---

186. C. L. N. A. I.

187. N. Meaning, 'I would make away with myself, were it not for "the Almighty's canon 'gainst

۱۸۶

گر باده بکوه بر زني رقص کند
ناقص بود آنکه باده را نقص کند
از باده مرا توبه چه میفرمائي
روحیست که او تربیتِ شخص کند

۱۸۷

گه گه دلِ من درین قفس تنگ آید
از همرهی آب و گلش ننگ آید
گفتم که مگر بشکنم این زندانرا
پایم ز رکابِ شرع بر سنگ آید

۱۸۸

گویند که ماهِ رمضان گشت پدید
مِن بعد بگردِ باده نتوان گردید
در آخرِ شعبان بخورم چندان مي
کاندر رمضان مست بیفتم تا عید

self-slaughter."

188. C. L. N. A. I. Note *wa* omitted in line 2. Also ascribed to Jalal 'Asad Bardi.

189.

From life we draw now wine, now dregs to drink,
Now flaunt in silk, and now in tatters shrink;
Such changes wisdom holds of slight account
To those who stand on death's appalling brink!

190.

What sage the eternal tangle e'er unravelled,
Or one short step beyond his nature travelled?
From pupils to the masters turn your eyes,
And see, each mother's son alike is gravelled.

191.

Crave not of worldly sweets to take your fill,
Nor wait on turns of fortune, good or ill;
Be of light heart, as are the skies above,
They roll a round or two, and then lie still.

189. N.

190. C. L. N. A. B. I. In line 1, note *rá* put after the genitive following its noun. *'Ijz* . . . . "impotence is

۱۸۹

گه شربتِ عیش صاف باشد گه دُرد
گه پوششِ ما پلاس باشد گه بُرد
اینها همه سهل است بنزدِ عاقل
این واقعه سهلست که میباید مُرد

۱۹۰

کس مشکلِ اسرارِ ازلرا نگشاد
کس یکقدم از نهاد بیرون ننهاد
من مینگرم ز مبتدی تا استاد
عجز است بدستِ هر که از مادر زاد

۱۹۱

کم کن طمعِ جهان که باشي خرسند
از نیك و بدِ زمانه بگسل پیوند
خوشباش چنانکه هست این دورِ فلك
هم بگذرد و نماند این دوري چند

---

in the hand of each."* "Beyond his nature," *i.e.* beyond the limits of his own thought.

191. C. L. N. A. B. I. The skies have their allotted term like you, yet do not distress themselves.

192.

What eye can pierce the veil of God's decrees,
Or read the riddle of earth's destinies?
  Pondered have I for years threescore and ten,
But still am baffled by these mysteries.

193.

They say, when the last trump shall sound its knell,
Our Friend will sternly judge, and doom to hell.
  Can aught but good from perfect goodness come?
Compose your trembling hearts, 't will all be well.

194.

Drink wine to root up metaphysic weeds,
And tangle of the two-and-seventy creeds;
  Do not forswear that wondrous alchemy,
'Twill turn to gold, and cure a thousand needs.

---

192. C. L. N. A. I. So Job, "The thunder of his power who can understand?"

193. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Juzi,* (?) *juz az.*

194. C. L. N. A. B. I. Muhammad said, "My

۱۹۲

کس را پسِ پردهٔ قضا راه نشد
وز سرِ قدر هیچ کس آگاه نشد
هفتاد و دو سال فکر کردم شب و روز
معلوم نگشت و قصّه کوتاه نشد

۱۹۳

گویند بحشر گفتگو خواهد بود
و ان یارِ عزیز تندخو خواهد بود
از خیرِ محض جز نکوئي نايد
خوشباش که عاقبت نکو خواهد بود

۱۹۴

می خور که ز دل کثرت و قلّت ببرد
و اندیشهٔ هفتاد و دو ملّت ببرد
پرهیز مکن ز کیمیائي که ازو
یکمن بخوري هزار علّت ببرد

people shall be divided into seventy-three sects, all of which, save one, shall have their portion in the fire." Pocock, Specimen 210.

195.

Though drink is wrong, take care with whom you drink,
And who you are that drink, and what you drink;
And drink at will, for, these three points observed,
Who but the very wise can ever drink?

196.

To drain a gallon beaker I design,
Yea, two great beakers, brimmed with richest wine;
Old faith and reason thrice will I divorce,
Then take to wife the daughter of the vine.

197.

True I drink wine, like every man of sense,
For I know Allah will not take offence;
Before time was, He knew that I should drink,
And who am I to thwart His prescience?

---

195. C. L. N. A. B. I. A hit at the casuistry on the subject of wine.

١٩٥

می گرچه حرامست ولی تا که خورد
وآنگاه چه مقدار و دگر با که خورد
هر گاه که این سه شرط شد راست بگو
گر مي نخورد مردمِ دانا که خورد

١٩٦

من باده بجامِ یکمني خواهم کرد
خودرا بدو جامِ می غني خواهم کرد
اوّل سه طلاقِ عقل و دین خواهم داد
پس دخترِ رز را بزني خواهم کرد

١٩٧

من میخورم و هر که چو منْ اهْل بود
مي خوردنِ او نزدِ خدا سهْل بود
مي خوردنِ من حقّ از ازل میدانست
گر من نخورم علمِ خدا جهْل بود

---

196. C. N. A. I. A triple divorce is irrevocable. Koran, ii. 230.

197. C. L. N. A. B. I.

198.

Rich men, who take to drink, the world defy
With shameless riot, and as beggars die;
  Place in my ruby pipe some emerald hemp,
'Twill do as well to blind care's serpent eye.

199.

These fools have never burnt the midnight oil
In deep research, nor do they ever toil
  To step beyond themselves, but dress them fine,
And plot of credit others to despoil.

200.

When false dawn streaks the east with cold grey line,
Pour in your cups the pure blood of the vine;
  The truth, they say, tastes bitter in the mouth,
This is a token that the "Truth" is wine.

---

198. C. L. N. A. I. Scan *af'ăyī*. The emerald is supposed to have the virtue of blinding serpents.

199. C. L. N. A. I. *Shámé chand:* Vullers (p. 253) takes this *ya* to be *yá i tankír;* and Lumsden (ii. 269) says the presence of this letter, between a noun and its

۱۹۸

میخواره اگر غني بود عُور شود
وز عَربدْه اش جهانِ پر از شُور شود
در حقّهء لعل زان زمرّد ریزم
تا دیدهء افْعيِ غمم کُور شود

۱۹۹

نابُرده بصبح در طلب شامي چند
نـنْهاده ز خویشتن برون گامي چند
در کسوتِ خاص آمده عامي چند
بدنام کنندهء نکونامي چند

۲۰۰

و قتي که طلوعِ صبحِ ازرق باشد
باید بکفت جامِ مُروّق باشد
گویند که حق تلخ بود در افواه
باید که بدین دلیل مي حق باشد

---

attribute, dispenses with the *izáfat* (?). But why not add the *izáfat*, and scan *Shamĭyĭ?*

200. C. L. N. A. I. J. False dawn, the faint light before sunrise.

201.

Now is the time earth decks her greenest bowers,
And trees, like Musa's hand, grow white with flowers!
As 't were at 'Isa's breath the plants revive,
While clouds brim o'er, like tearful eyes, with showers.

202.

O burden not thyself with drudgery,
Lord of white silver and red gold to be;
But feast with friends, ere this warm breath of thine
Be chilled in death, and earthworms feast on thee.

203.

The showers of grape-juice, which cupbearers pour,
Quench fires of grief in many a sad heart's core;
Praise be to Allah, who hath sent this balm
To heal sore hearts, and spirits' health restore!

---

201. C. L. N. A. B. I. *Musa* and *'Isa* are often written without the *alif i maksúr*. Bl., Prosody 3.
202. N.

۲۰۱

وقتست که از سبزه جهان آرایند
موسیِ صفتان ز شاخ کف بنمایند
عیسیِ صفتان ز خاك بیرون آیند
وز چشمِ سحاب چشمها بگشایند

۲۰۲

هان تا ننهی بر تنِ خود غصّه و درد
تا جمع کني سیمِ سفید و زرِ زرد
زان پیش که گردد نفسِ گرمِ تو سود
با دوست بخور که دشمنت خواهد خورْد

۲۰۳

هر جُرعه که ساقیش بجام افشاند
در دیدهٔ گرم آتشِ غم بنْشاند
سبحان الله ز باده میپنداري
آبي که ز صد درد دلت برْهاند

---

203. C. L. N. A. B. I. In line 1 some MSS. read *bakhák*. *Dídayi garm*, 'eyes of anguish.' Scan *garm átishi* (*Alif i wasl*).

204.

Can alien Pharisees Thy kindness tell,
Like us, Thy intimates, who nigh Thee dwell?
Thou say'st, "All sinners will I burn with fire."
Say that to strangers, we know Thee too well.

205.

O comrades dear, when hither ye repair
In times to come, communion sweet to share,
While the cupbearer pours your old Magh wine,
Call poor Khayyám to mind, and breathe a prayer.

206.

For me heaven's sphere no music ever made,
Nor yet with soothing voice my fears allayed;
If e'er I found brief respite from my woes,
Back to woe's thrall I was at once betrayed.

---

204. N.

205. L. N. B. *Mäyī*. The second *ya* is the *yá i batní*.

۲۰۴

زاهد بکرم ترا چو ما نشناسد
بیگانه ترا چو آشنا نشناسد
گفتي که گنه کنی بدوزخ برمت
اینرا بکسی گو که ترا نشناسد

۲۰۵

یاران چو باتّفاق میعاد کنید
خودرا بجمالِ یکدگر شاد کنید
ساقي چو مئي مغانه بر کف گیرد
بیچارهٔ فلانرا بدعا یاد کنید

۲۰۶

یکروز فلك کار مرا ساز نداد
هرگز سويِ من دمي خوش آواز نداد
یکروز دمي ز شادماني نزدم
کانروز بدستِ صد غمم باز نداد

206. C. L. N. A. I.

207.

Sooner with half a loaf contented be,
And water from a broken crock, like me,
  Than lord it over one poor fellow-man,
Or to another bow the vassal knee.

208.

While Moon and Venus in the sky shall dwell,
None shall see aught red grape-juice to excel:
  O foolish publicans, what can you buy
One half so precious as the goods you sell?

209.

They who by genius, and by power of brain,
The rank of man's enlighteners attain,
  Not even they emerge from this dark night,
But tell their dreams, and fall asleep again.

---

207. C. L. N. A. I. In line 2, note *izáfat* dropped after silent *he*. *Kam az khudé*, "one less than yourself." Vullers, p. 254.

۲۰۷

یکنان بدو روز اگر شود حاصلِ مرد
وز کوزهٔ شکستهٔ دمِ آبي سرد
محکومِ کم از خودي چرا باید بود
یا خدمتِ چون خودي چرا باید کرد

۲۰۸

تا زهره و مه در آسمان گشت پدید
بهتر ز مئي لعل کسي هیچ ندید
من در عجبم ز میفروشان کایشان
به زانچه فروشند چه خواهند خرید

۲۰۹

آنانکه محیطِ فضل و آداب شدند
از جمعِ کمال شمعِ اصحاب شدند
ره زین شبِ تاریك نبردند برون
گفتند فسانهٔ و در خواب شدند

---

208. C. L. N. A. B. I.
209. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Fisánayé, yá i tankír.*

210.

At dawn, when dews bedeck the tulip's face,
And violets their heavy heads abase,
I love to see the roses' folded buds,
With petals closed against the winds' disgrace.

211.

Like as the skies rain down sweet jessamine,
And sprinkle all the meads with eglantine,
Right so, from out this jug of violet hue,
I pour in lily cups this rosy wine.

212.

Ah ! thou hast snared this head, though white as snow,
Which oft has vowed the wine-cup to forego;
And wrecked the mansion long resolve did build,
And rent the vesture penitence did sew!

210. L. B.

211. B. Here read *măyĭ*, with one *yá*, and *kasra*, because the metre requires a word of only two consonants, and two short vowels, of the *wazn mă'fă*.

۲۱۰

هر صبح که روی لاله شبنم گیرد
بالای بنفشه در چمن خم گیرد
انصاف مرا ز غنچه خوش مي آید
گر دامن خویشتن فراهم گیرد

۲۱۱

گردون ز سحاب نسترن مي ریزد
گوئي که شگوفه در چمن مي ریزد
در جام چو سوسن می گلگون ریزم
کز ابر بنفشه گون سمن مي ریزد

۲۱۲

پیرانه سرم عشق تو در دام کشید
ورنه ز کجا دست من و جام نبید
آن توبه که عقل داد جانان بشکست
وان جامه که صبر دوخت ایّام درید

212. B. *Nabíd* is often written *nabíz*, probably a survival from the time when *dals* were dotted. Bl., Prosody 17.

213.

I am not one whom Death doth much dismay,
Life's terrors all Death's terrors far outweigh;
This life, that Heaven hath lent me for a while,
I will pay back, when it is time to pay.

214.

The stars, who dwell on heaven's exalted stage,
Baffle the wise diviners of our age;
Take heed, hold fast the rope of mother wit,
These augurs all distrust their own presage.

215.

The people who the heavenly world adorn,
Who come each night, and go away each morn,
Now on Heaven's skirt, and now in earth's deep pouch,
While Allah lives, shall aye anew be born!

213. C. L. A. B. I. B. reads *ním* for *bím* in line 2.
214. L. B. A hit at the astrologers.

۲۱۳

آن مرد نیَم کز عدمم بیم آید
آن بیم مرا خوشتر ازین بیم آید
جانیست مرا بعاریة داده خدا
تسلیم کنم چو وقتِ تسلیم آید

۲۱۴

اجرام که ساکنانِ این ایوانند
اسبابِ تردّدِ خردمندانند
هان تا سرِ رشتهٔ خرد گم نکنی
کانان که مدبّرند سرگردانند

۲۱۵

آنها که فلك ریزهٔ دهر آرایند
آیند و روند و باز با دهر آیند
در دامنِ آسمان و در جیبِ زمین
خلقیست که تا خدا نمیرد زایند

215. L. B. Earth's pouch, *i.e.* "beneath the earth." *Rezaye.* L. reads *didaye.* Both readings are probably wrong.

216.

Slaves of vain wisdom and philosophy,
Who toil at Being and Nonentity,
  Parching your brains till they are like dry grapes,
Be wise in time, and drink grape-juice, like me!

217.

Sense, seeking happiness, bids us pursue
All present joys, and present griefs eschew;
  She says, we are not as the meadow grass,
Which, when they mow it down, springs up anew.

218.

Now Ramazán is past, Shawwál comes back,
And feast and song and joy no more we lack;
  The wine-skin carriers throng the streets and cry,
"Here comes the porter with his precious pack."

216. B. The vanity of learning.

217. C. L. A. B. I. J. *Goyíd,* from *goyídan.* *Ya i maksúr* followed by another *yá* is in Persian words always *hamzated* (Lumsden, i. 29; Vullers, p. 24); and this

٢١٦

آنها كهٔ اسيرِ عقل و تمييز شدند
در حسرتِ هست و نيست ناچيز شدند
رو باخبرانَ و آبِ انگور گـزين
كاين بيخبران بغوره مويز شدند

٢١٧

آن عقل كه در راهِ سعادت پوئيد
روزي صد بار خود ترا مي گوئيد
درياب تو اين يكدمه وقتت كه نهٔ
آن تره كه بدْ روند و ديگر روئيد

٢١٨

ماهِ رمضان برفت و شوّال آمد
هنگامِ نشات و عيش و قوّال آمد
آمد كهَ آنكه خيكها اندر دوش
گويندَ كه پشت پشت حمّال آمد

---

hamza i maksur is pronounced *ye.* Ibrahim, Grammar, p. 24.

218. B. I incline to read *pusht bast* for *pusht pusht*, which I do not understand.

219.

My comrades all are gone; Death, deadly foe,
Has caught them one by one, and trampled low;
They shared life's feast, and drank its wine with me,
But lost their heads, and dropped a while ago.

220.

Those hypocrites, all know so well, who lurk
In streets to beg their bread, and will not work,
Claim to be saints, like Shibli and Junaid,
No Shiblis are they, though well known in Karkh!

221.

When the great Founder moulded me of old,
He mixed much baser metal with my gold;
Better or fairer I can never be
Than I first issued from his heavenly mould.

219. C. L. A. I. Quoted by *Badáúní*, ii. 159.

220. C. L. A. I. L. reads *bakahna namad*, but the line will not scan with that reading. Line 4 is in metre 9. A saint called *Ma'ruf i Karkhi*, "the famed

۲۱۹

یارانِ موافق همه از دست شدند
در پایِ اجل یگان یگان پست شدند
بودند بیک شراب در مجلسِ عمر
دَوری دو سه پیشتر ز ما مست شدند

۲۲۰

آنان که بکهنه و بنو موصوفند
در ره بکفِ آب و دو نان موقوفند
گویند که شبلی و جنیدیم همه
شبلی نه ولی در کرخی معروفند

۲۲۱

تا خاك مرا بقالب آمیخته اند
بس فتنه که از خاك بر انگیخته اند
من بهتر ازین نمی توانم بودن
کز بوته مرا چنین برون ریخته اند

---

one of Karkh," is mentioned in the *Nafahát ul Uns*. Karkh was a suburb of Bagdad.

221. C. L. A. I.

222.

The joyous souls who quaff potations deep,
And saints who in the mosques sad vigils keep,
Are lost at sea alike, and find no shore,
ONE only wakes, all others are asleep.

223.

Notbeing's water served to mix my clay,
And on my heart grief's fire doth ever prey,
And blown am I like wind about the world,
And last my crumbling earth is swept away.

224.

Small gains to learning on this earth accrue,
They pluck life's fruitage, learning who eschew;
Take pattern by the fools who learning shun,
And then perchance shall fortune smile on you.

---

222. L. B. One, *i.e.* the Deity.

223. L. This introduction of the four elements in one quatrain is called *Mutazádd*. Gladwin, p. 60.

٢٢٢

آنها که کشندهٔ نبیدِ ناب اند
و انها که بشب مدام در محراب اند
بر خشك یکي نیست همه در آب اند
بیدار یکیست دیگران در خواب اند

٢٢٣

از آبِ عدم تخم مرا کاشته اند
از آتشِ غم روحِ من افراشته اند
سرگشته چو باد دمبدم گردِ جهان
تا خاكِ من ز جاي بر داشته اند

٢٢٤

چون نیست درین زمانه سودي ز خرد
جز بیخردِ از زمانه بر می نخورد
پیش آور زانکه او خرد را بِبُرد
تا بو که زمانه سویِ ما برنگرد

---

224. C. L. A. I. *Bú* contracted from *buwad*, as *bŭd* from *búd*.

225.

When the fair soul this mansion doth vacate,
Each element assumes its primal state,
And all the silken furniture of life
Is then dismantled by the blows of fate.

226.

These people string their beads of learned lumber,
And tell of Allah stories without number;
But never solve the riddle of the skies,
So wag the chin, and get them back to slumber.

227.

These folk are asses, laden with conceit,
And glittering drums, that empty sounds repeat
And humble slaves are they of name and fame,
Acquire a name, and, lo! they kiss thy feet.

---

225. C. L. A. I. *Abrésham tab'*, like *Hátim tab'*.

226. Possibly a hit at the *Mutakallamín*, or scholastic theologians.

۲۲۵

چون شاهدِ روح خانه پرداز شود
هر جنس باْصلِ خویشتن باز شود
این سازِ وجودِ چار ابریشم طبْع
از زخمهٔ روزگار بي‌ساز شود

۲۲۶

انها که بفکر درِ معنی سفتند
در ذاتِ خداوند سخنها گفتند
واقف چو نگشتند بر اسرارِ فلك
اوّل زنخي زدند و آخر خفتند

۲۲۷

این خلق همه خرانِ با افسوس اند
پر مشعله و میان تهي چون کوس اند
خواهی که کفِ پاي ترا مي بوسند
خوش نام بزيَ که بندهٔ ناموس اند.

227. C. L. A. I. *Bá afsós* is an epithet, like *bá khabar*, and hence *kharán* the noun, qualified by it, takes the *izáfat*. Lumsden, ii. 259. *Pur mash'ala* 'full of glitter;' compare, *pur mae* in No 179.

228.

On the dread day of final scrutiny
Thou wilt be rated by thy quality;
  Get wisdom and fair qualities to-day,
For, as thou art, requited wilt thou be.

229.

Many fine heads, like bowls, the Brazier made,
And thus his own similitude portrayed;
  He set one upside down above our heads,
Which keeps us all continually afraid.

230.

My true condition I may thus explain
In two short verses, which the whole contain:
  "From love to Thee I now lay down my life,
In hope Thy love will raise me up again."

---

228. C. L. A. I.

229. C. L. A. I. "One upside down," *i.e.* the sky. *Kánsa* is also spelled *kása*.

۲۲۸

روزي كه جزاي هر صفت خواهد بود
قدر تو بقدر معرفت خواهد بود
در حسن صفت كوش كه در روز جزا
حشر تو بصورت صفت خواهد بوي

۲۲۹

آن كانسه گري كه كانسهٔ سرها كرد
در كانسه گري صفات خود پيدا كرد
بر خوان وجود ما نگون كانسه نهاد
وان كانسهٔ سر نگون پر از سودا كرد

۲۳۰

از واقعهٔ ترا خبر خواهم كرد
وان را بدو حرف مختصر خواهم كرد
با عشق تو در خاك فرو خواهم شد
با مهر تو سر ز خاك بر خواهم كرد

---

230. C. L. A. I. Scan *wákĭ'ăyī*. Here *hamza* stands for *ya i tankír*.

231.

The heart, like tapers, takes at beauty's eyes
A flame, and lives by that whereby it dies;
And beauty is a flame where hearts, like moths,
Offer themselves a burning sacrifice.

232.

To please the righteous life itself I sell,
And, though they tread me down, never rebel;
Men say, "Inform us what and where is hell?"
Ill company will make this earth a hell.

233.

The sun doth smite the roofs with Orient ray,
And, Khosrau like, his wine-red sheen display;
Arise, and drink! the herald of the dawn
Uplifts his voice, and cries, "O drink to-day!"

---

231. L. Metre Ramal, No. 50. In line 3 the first syllable is short. See Bl., Prosody, p. 43. In this form the metre is like Horace's "*Miserarum est,*" etc.

۲۳۱

دل چراغیست که نور از رخِ دلبر گیرد
ور یمیرد ز غمش زندگي از سر گیرد
صفتِ شمع به پروانه دلي باید گفت
کین حدیثست که با سوختگان در گیرد

۲۳۲

جانم بفداي آنکه او اهل بود
سر در قدمش اگر نهم سهل بود
خواهي که بداني بیقین دوزخ را
دوزخ بجهان صحبتِ نا اهل بود

۲۳۳

خورشید کمندِ صبح بر بام افگند
کي خسروِ روز باده در جام افگند
مي خور که منادیِ سحرگه خیزان
آوازهٔ اُشْرَبُوا در ایّام افگند

---

232. C. L. A. I. Also ascribed to Hafiz.
233. C. L. A. I. J.

234.

Comrades! when e'er ye meet together here,
Recall your friend to mind, and drop a tear;
And when the circling wine-cups reach his seat,
Pray turn one upside down his dust to cheer.

235.

That grace and favour at the first, what meant it?
That lavishing of joy and peace, what meant it?
But now thy purpose is to grieve my heart;
What did I do to cause this change? what meant it?

236.

These hypocrites, who build on saintly show,
Treating the body as the spirit's foe,
If they will shut their mouths with lime, like jars,
My jar of grape-juice I will then forego.

234. B. A variation of No. 205.

235. B. So Job, "He multiplieth my wounds without cause."

۲۳۴

یاران بموافقت چو میعاد کنید
باید که ز دوست یادِ بسیار کنند
چون بادهٔ خوشگوار نوشید بهم
نوبت چو بما رسد نگونسار کنید

۲۳۵

چندان کرم و لطف ز آغاز چه بود
و ان داشتنم در طرب و ناز چه بود
اکنون همه در رنجِ دلم میکوشي
آخر چه گناه کرده ام باز چه بود

۲۳۶

انها که اساسِ کار بر زرق نهند
آیند و میانِ جان و تن فرق نهند
بر فرق نهم خروسِ مي را پس ازین
گر همچو خروسم اژه بر فرق نهند

236. L. B. B. reads *arra*, of which I can make no sense. *Bar fark niham*, 'I will put aside;' *bar fark* (line 4) 'on their mouths.'

237.

Many have come, and run their eager race,
Striving for pleasures, luxuries, or place,
And quaffed their wine, and now all silent lie,
Enfolded in their parent earth's embrace.

238.

Then, when the good reap fruits of labours past,
My hapless lot with drunkards will be cast;
If good, may I be numbered with the first,
If bad, find grace and mercy with the last.

239.

Of happy turns of fortune take your fill,
Seek pleasure's couch, or wine-cup, as you will;
Allah regards not if you sin, or saint it,
So take your pleasure, be it good or ill.

---

237. C. L. A. I.
238. C. L. A. I.
239. C. L. N. A. I. J. Alluding to the *Hadís*,

۲۳۷

آنها كه در آمدند در جوش شدند
آشفتهٔ ناز و طرب و نوش شدند
خوردند پيالهٔ و خاموش شدند
در خاكِ ابد جمله هم آغوش شدند

۲۳۸

فردا كه نصيبِ نيك بختان بخشند
قسمي بمنِ رند پرسان بخشند
گر نيك آيم مرا از ايشان شمرند
ور بد باشم مرا بديشان بخشند

۲۳۹

از گردشِ روزگار بهري بر گير
بر تختِ طرب نشين بكف ساغر گير
از طاعت و معصيت خدا مستغنيست
باري تو مرادِ خود ز عالم بر گير

"These are in heaven, and Allah regards not their sins, and these in hell, and Allah regards not their good works." See *Gulshan i Ráz*, p. 55.

240.

Heaven multiplies our sorrows day by day,
And grants no joys it does not take away;
If those unborn could know the ills we bear,
What think you, would they rather come or stay?

241.

Why ponder thus the future to foresee,
And jade thy brain to vain perplexity?
Cast off thy care, leave Allah's plans to him,
He formed them all without consulting thee.

242.

The tenants of the tombs to dust decay,
Nescient of self, and all beside are they;
Their sundered atoms float about the world,
Like mirage clouds, until the judgment-day.

---

240. C. L. N. A. I. J. This recalls Byron's, "Stanzas for Music."

241. C. L. N. A. I. J.

۲۴۰

افلاك كه جز غم نفزايند دگر
ننهند بجا تا نربايند دگر
نا آمدگان اگر بدانند كه ما
از دهر چه ميكشيم نايند دگر

۲۴۱

از بودني اي دوست چه داري تيمار
وز فكرتِ بيهوده دل و جان افگار
خرّم تو بزي جهان بشادي گذران
تدبير نه با تو كرده اند اوّل كار

۲۴۲

اين اهلِ قبور خاك گشتند و غبار
بيخود شده و بيخبرند از همه كار
هر ذرّه ز هر ذرّه گرفتند كنار
آه اين چه سرابست كه تا روزِ شمار

242. C. L. N. A. I. J. In line 4 some MSS. read *sharáb*, and change the order of the lines.

243.

O soul! lay up all earthly goods in store,
Thy mead with pleasure's flowerets spangle o'er;
And know 'tis all as dew, that decks the flowers
For one short night, and then is seen no more!

244.

Heed not the Sunna, nor the law divine;
If to the poor his portion you assign,
And never injure one, nor yet abuse,
I guarantee you heaven, and now some wine!

245.

Vexed by this wheel of things, that pets the base,
My sorrow-laden life drags on apace;
Like rosebud, from the storm I wrap me close,
And blood-spots on my heart, like tulip, trace.

---

243. C. L. N. A. I. J. There are several variations of this.

244. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. See Koran, ii. 172: "There is no piety in turning your faces to the east or

۲۴۳

ایدل همه اسبابِ جهان خواسته گیر
باغِ طربت بسبزهٔ آرسته گیر
واتگاه بران سبزه شبي چون شبنم
بنشسته و بامداد بر خاسته گیر

۲۴۴

سنّت مکن و فریضهٔ حق بگذار
وان لقمه که داری ز کسان باز مدار
غیبت مکن و مجوي کسرا آزار
هم وعدهٔ آن جهان منم باده بیار

۲۴۵

از گردشِ این زمانهٔ دون پرور
با صد غم و درد میبرم عمر بسر
چون غنچه بگلزارِ جهان با دلِ تنگ
چون لاله ز باغِ دهر با خونِ جگر

---

west, but he is pious who believeth in God . . . . and disburseth his wealth to the needy," etc.

245. N.

246.

Youth is the time to pay court to the vine,
To quaff the cup, with revellers to recline;
A flood of water once laid waste the earth,
Hence learn to lay you waste with floods of wine.

247.

The world is baffled in its search for Thee,
Wealth cannot find Thee, no, nor poverty;
Thou'rt very near us, but our ears are deaf,
Our eyes are blinded that we may not see!

248.

Take care you never hold a drinking bout
With an ill-tempered, ill-conditioned lout;
He'll make a vile disturbance all night long,
And vile apologies next day, no doubt.

---

246. C. N. A. I. J.
247. N. So Hafiz, Ode 355 (Brockhaus):
"How can our eyes behold Thee, as Thou art?"

۲۴۶

ايّام جوانيهست شراب اوليتر
با خوش پسران بادهٔ ناب اوليتر
اين عالمِ فاني چو خرابست بياب
از باده در او مست و خراب اوليتر

۲۴۷

اي در طلبِ تو عالمي در شر و شور
در پيشِ تو درويش و توانگر همه عور
اي با همه در حديث و گوشِ همه كر
وي با همه در حضور و چشمِ همه كور

۲۴۸

با سفلهٔ تند خوي و بيعقل و وقار
زينهار مخور باده كه رنج آرد بار
بدمستي و شور و عربده درشبِ عيش
دردِ سر و عذر خواهيش روزِ خمار .

---

248. C. L. N. A. I. J. In line 3 scan *badmastīyō*, and in line 4 *Khwáhīyash*.

249.

The starry aspects are not all benign;
Why *toil* then after vain desires, and pine
To lade thyself with load of fortune's boons,
Only to drop it with this life of thine?

250.

O comrades! here is filtered wine, come drink!
Pledge all your charming sweethearts, as you drink;
'Tis the grape's blood, and this is what it says,
"To you I dedicate my life-blood! drink!"

251.

Are you depressed? then take of *bang* one grain,
Of rosy grape-juice take one pint or twain;
Sufis, you say, must not take this or that,
Then go and eat the pebbles off the plain!

---

249. C. L. N. A. I. J.
250. C. L. N. A. I. J.
251. N. In lines 1 and 2 scan *yakjăwăkī* and *mă-*

۲۴۹

چون نیست ز اختر آنکه رو داد قرار
چندین زپئی مرادِ دل رنج مدار
هان تا ننهی بر دلِ خود چندین بار
بگذاشتن و گذشتن است اخر کار

۲۵۰

جانا میِ صافِ نا مشوّش میخور
بر یادِ بتَانِ نغزِ دلکش می خور
می خونِ رز است و رز ترا میگوید
خون بر تو حلال کرده ام خوش می خور

۲۵۱

دلتنگ شوي یکبجوَکی بنگ بخور
یا یك منکی بادهٔ گلرنگ بخور
صوفی شدهٔ این نخوري آن نخوري
در خوردِ تو سنگست برو سنگ بخور

---

nâkî, *ak* being the diminutive, and *yá* the *yá i tankír*, displacing the *izáfat*: Lumsden, ii. 269 (?). *Bang*, a narcotic, made of hemp.

252.

I saw a busy potter by the way
Kneading with might and main a lump of clay;
And, lo! the clay cried, "Use me gently, pray,
I was a man myself but yesterday!"

253.

Oh! wine is richer than the realm of Jam,
More fragrant than the food of Miriam;
Sweeter are sighs that drunkards heave at morn
Than strains of Bu Sa'íd and Bin Adham.

254.

Deep in the rondure of the heavenly blue,
There is a cup, concealed from mortals' view,
Which all must drink in turn; O sigh not then,
But drink it boldly, when it comes to you!

---

252. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. *Hál*, ecstacy.

253. C. L. N. A. I. J. Abu Sa'íd Abu'l Khair and Ibrahím Bin Adham are both mentioned in the *Nafahát*

۲۵۲

دي كوزه‌گري بديدم اندر بازار
بر تازه گلي لكد همي زد بسيار
وان گل بزبانِ حال با وي ميگفت
من همچو تو بوده ام مرا نيكو دار

۲۵۳

يكجرعه مَي از مملكتِ جم خوشتر
بوي قدح از غذايِ مريم خوشتر
آهِ سحري ز سينهٔ خمّاري
اَز نالهٔ بو سعيد و ادهم خوشتر

۲۵۴

در دائرهٔ سپهْر ناپيدا غَور
جاميست كه جمله را چشانيد بدَور
نوبت چو بدورِ تو رسد آه مكن
مي نوش بخوشدلي كه دورست بجَور

---

ul-Uns. 'Miriam's food.' See Koran, xix. 24. Note *izáfat* dropped after silent *he.*

254. C. L. A. I. J. *Jawr*, 'a bumper.'

255.

Though you should live to four, or forty score,
Go hence you must, as all have gone before;
  Then, be you king, or beggar of the streets,
They'll rate you all the same, no less, no more.

256.

If you seek Him, abandon child and wife,
Arise, and sever all these ties to life;
  All these are bonds to check you on your course.
Arise, and cut these bonds, as with a knife.

257.

O heart! this world is but a fleeting show,
Why should its empty griefs distress thee so?
  Bow down, and bear thy fate, the eternal pen
Will not unwrite its roll for thee, I trow!

---

255. L.

256. L. B. So *Gulshan i Ráz*, l. 944.

٢٥٥

عمرِ تو چه دو صد و چه سیصد چه هزار
زین کهنه سرا برون برندت ناچار
گر بادشهی و گر گدایِ بازار
این هر دو بیك نرخ بُوَد آخر کار

٢٥٦

اورا خواهي ز زن و فرزند ببُر
مردانه در آز خویش و پیوند ببُر
هر چیز که هست بندِ راه‌ست ترا
با بند چگونه ره روي بند ببُر

٢٥٧

ایدل چو حقیقتِ جهانست مجاز
چندین چه خوري توغم ازین رنجِ دراز
تن را بقضا سپار و با درد بساز
کین رفته قلم ز بهرِ تو ناید باز

---

257. L. N. B. The 'pen' is that with which Allah writes his decrees.

258.

Who e'er returned of all that went before,
To tell of that long road they travel o'er?
 Leave naught undone of what you have to do,
For when you go, you will return no more.

259.

Dark wheel! how many lovers thou hast slain,
Like Mahmud and Ayáz, O inhumane!
 Come, let us drink, thou grantest not two lives,
When one is spent, we find it not again.

260.

Illustrious Prophet! whom all kings obey,
When is our darkness lightened by wine's ray?
 On Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
 Thursday,
Friday, and Saturday, both night and day!

---

258. C. N. L. A. I. J. *Ámădăyē, yá i tankír.*

259. L. N. Mahmud, the celebrated king of Ghazni, and Ayáz his favourite. Scan *wăyáz* (*alif i wasl*).

۲۵۸

از جملهٔ رفتگانِ اینِ راهِ دراز
باز آمدهٔ کو که بما گوید راز
زینهار درین سراچه از رویِ مجاز
چیزي نگذاري که نمیآئی باز

۲۵۹

این چرخ که با کسي نمیگوید راز
کشته بستم هزار محمود و ایاز
میخور که بکس عمر دو باره ندهد
هرکس که شد از جهان نمیآید باز

۲٦۰

اي بر همه سرورانِ عالم فیروز
داني که چه وقت مي بود روح افروز
یکشنبه و دو شنبه و سه شنبه و چار
پنجشنبه و آدینه و شنبه شب و روز

---

260. C. L. N. A. I. J. The *jim* in *panjshamba* is dropped in scanning. See Bl., Prosody, p. 10. In line 4 note silent *he* in *shauba* scaned long as well as short.

261.

O turn away those roguish eyes of thine!
Be still! seek not my peace to undermine!
Thou say'st, "Look not." I might as well essay
To slant my goblet, and not spill my wine.

262.

In taverns better far commune with Thee,
Than pray in mosques, and fail Thy face to see!
O first and last of all Thy creatures Thou;
'Tis Thine to burn, and Thine to cherish me!

263.

To wise and worthy men your life devote,
But from the worthless keep your walk remote;
Dare to take poison from a sage's hand,
But from a fool refuse an antidote.

---

261. N. Line 4, a proverb denoting an impossibility.
262. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. This is clearly an address

٢٦١

اي خوش پسرِ غمزه‌گرِ رنگ آميز
بنشين و هزار فتنه بنشان و مخيز
تو حکم هميکنى که در من منگر
اين حکم چنان بود که کج دار و مريز

٢٦٢

با تو بخرابات اگر گويم راز
به زانکه کنم بيتو بمحراب نماز
اي اوّل و آخرِ همه خلقان تو
خواهي تو مرا بسوز و خواهي بنواز

٢٦٣

با مردمِ پاکبازِ و عاقل آميز
از نا اهلان هزار فرسنگ گريز
گر زهر دهد ترا خردمند بنوش
ور نوش دهد ز دست نا اهل بريز

---

to the Deity.

263. L. N. Line 2 is in metre 17.

264.

I flew here, as a bird from the wild, in aim
Up to a higher nest my course to frame;
But, finding here no guide who knows the way,
Fly out by the same door where through I came.

265.

He binds us in resistless Nature's chain,
And yet bids us our natures to restrain;
Between these counter rules we stand perplexed,
"Hold the jar slant, but all the wine retain."

266.

They go away, and none is seen returning,
To teach that other world's recondite learning;
'Twill not be shown for dull mechanic prayers,
For prayer is naught without true heartfelt yearning.

264. C. L. N. A. I. J.

265. L. N. In line 3 scan *nāhyāsh*. So Lord Brooke in "Mustapha"; Ward's English Poets, i. 370.

۲۶۴

بازي بُوَدم پريده از عالمِ راز
تا بو كه رسم من از نشيبی بفراز
اينجا چو نيافتم كسی محرمِ راز
زان درِ كه در آمدم برون رفتم باز

۲۶۵

حكمي كه از او محال باشد پرهيز
فرموده و امر كرده كزوي بگريز
آنگاه ميان امر و نهيش عاجز
درمانده جهانيان كه كج دار و مريز

۲۶۶

رفتند و ز رفتگان يكی نامد باز
تا با تو بگويد سخن از پردهٔ راز
كارت ز نياز ميكشايد نه نماز
بازيچه بُوَد نماز بي صِدْق و نياز

---

266. C. L. N. A. I. The *formal* prayers of Moslems are rather ascriptions of praise, and repetitions of texts, than petitions.

267.

Go to! Cast dust on those deaf skies, who spurn
Thy orisons and bootless prayers, and learn
  To quaff the cup, and hover round the fair;
Of all who go, did ever one return?

268.

Though Khayyam strings no pearls of righteous deeds,
Nor sweeps from off his soul sin's noisome weeds,
  Yet will he not despair of heavenly grace,
Seeing that ONE as two he ne'er misreads.

269.

Again to tavern haunts do we repair,
And say "Adieu" to the five hours of prayer;
  Where'er we see a long-necked flask of wine,
We elongate our necks that wine to share.

---

267. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. An answer to the last.

268. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. *Tauhíd*, or Unitarianism, is the central doctrine of Islám. So Hafiz, Ode 465.

۲۶۷

رو بر سرِ افلاك جهانِ خاك انداز
مي ميخور و گردِ خوبرويان ميتاز
چه جايِ عبادتست و چه جايِ نماز
كز جمله روندگان يكى نامد باز

۲۶۸

گر گوهرِ طاعتت نسفتم هرگز
گردِ گنه از چهره نرفتم هرگز
نوميد نيم ز بارگاهِ كرمت
زيراكه يكي را دو نگفتم هرگز

۲۶۹

كرديم دگر شيوهء رندي آغاز
تكبير همي زنيم بر پنج نماز
هر جا كه صراحي است مارا بيني
گردن چو صراحي سويِ آن كرده دراز

---

269. C. L. N.° A. B. I. J. *Takbír*, the formula "*Allah akbar*," in saying which the mind should be abstracted from worldly thoughts; hence "renunciation." Nicolas.

270.

We are but chessmen, destined, it is plain,
That great chess player, Heaven, to entertain;
 It moves us on life's chess-board to and fro,
And then in death's box shuts up again.

271.

You ask what is this life so frail, so vain,
'Tis long to tell, yet will I make it plain;
 'Tis but a breath blown from the vasty deeps,
And then blown back to those same deeps again!

272.

To-day to heights of rapture have I soared,
Yea, and with drunken Maghs pure wine adored;
 I am become beside myself, and rest
In that pure temple, "Am not I your Lord?"

---

270. L. N. B. *Hakikatí*, see Bl., Prosody 3.
271. C. L. N. A. I. J. Some MSS. read *naksh*. Deeps, *i.e.* the ocean of Not-being.

۲۷۰

ما لعبتگانیم و فلك لعبت باز
از روی حقیقتی نه از روی مجاز
بازیچه همکنیم بر نطعِ وجود
رفتیم بصندوقِ عدم یك یك باز

۲۷۱

میپرسیدی که چیست این نفسِ مجاز
گر بر گویم حقیقتش هست دراز
نفسیست پدید آمده از دریائی
و انگاه شده بقعرِ آن دریا باز

۲۷۲

ما عاشق و آشفته و مستیم امروز
در کوی مغان باده پرستیم امروز
از هستیِ خویشتن بکلّی رسته
پیوسته بمحرابِ اَلَسْتیم امروز

272. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Alasto birabbikum*, Allah's words to Adam's sons: Koran, vii. 171. So in Hafiz, Ode 43 (Brockhaus).

273.

My queen (long may she live to vex her slave!)
To-day a token of affection gave,
Darting a kind glance from her eyes, she passed,
And said, "Do good and cast it on the wave!"

274.

I put my lips to the cup, for I did yearn
The hidden cause of length of days to learn;
He leaned his lip to mine, and whispered low,
"Drink! for, once gone, you never will return."

275.

We lay in the cloak of Naught, asleep and still,
Thou said'st, "Awake! taste the world's good and ill;"
Here we are puzzled by Thy strange command,
From slanted jars no single drop to spill.

---

273. L. N. Meaning, hope not for a return to your love. *Někúyey,* "a good act," *ya* conjunctive and *yá i tankír.* Vullers, p. 250.

۲۷۳

معشوق که عمرش چو غمم باد دراز
امروز بنو تلطّفي کرد آغاز
بر چشمِ من انداخت دمی چشم و رفت
یعني که نکوئي کن و در آب انداز

۲۷۴

لب بر لبِ کوزه بردم از غایتِ آز
تا زو طلبم واسطهٔ عمرِ دراز
لب بر لبِ من نهاد و مي گفت براز
مَي خور که بدین جهان نمي آئي باز

۲۷۵

در کِتمِ عدم خفته بُدم گفتي خیز
دارد بجهان دورِ جهان شورانگیز
و اکنون که بفرمانِ تو ام حیرانم
القصّه چنان دار که کمج دار و مریز

274. C. L. A. B. I. J. Some MSS. give line 4 differently.

275. L. Naught, *i.e.* Not-being. See note to No. 183.

276.

O Thou! who know'st the secret thoughts of all,
In time of sorest need who aidest all,
  Grant me repentance, and accept my plea,
O Thou who dost accept the pleas of all!

277.

I saw a bird perched on the walls of Tús,
Before him lay the skull of Kai Kawús,
  And thus he made his moan, "Alas, poor king!
Thy drums are hushed, thy 'larums have rung
truce."

278.

Ask not the chances of the time to be,
And for the past, 'tis vanished, as you see;
  This ready-money breath set down as gain,
Future and past concern not you or me.

---

276. C. L. N. A. I. J. Note *tashdid* on *rabb* dropped.
277. C. L. N. A. Tús was near Nishapúr.

۲۷۶

اي واقفِ اسرارِ ضميرِ همه كس
در حالتِ عجز دستگيرِ همه كس
يا رب تو مرا توبه ده و عُذر پذير
اي توبه‌ده و عذرپذيرِ همه كس

۲۷۷

مرغي ديدم نشسته بر بارهٔ طوس
در پيش نهاده كلّهٔ كيكاؤس
با كلّه هميگفت كه افسوس افسوس
كو بانگِ جرسها و كجا نالهٔ كوس

۲۷۸

از حادثهٔ زمانه آينده مپرس
وز هرچه رسد چو نيست پاينده مپرس
اين يكدمه نقد را غنيمت ميدان
از رفته مينديش وز آينده مپرس

---

278. Ç. L. N. A. I. J. In line 1 note *izáfat* dropped after silent *he*. Compare Horace's Ode to Leuconoe.

279.

What launched that golden orb his course to run,
What wrecks his firm foundations, when 'tis done,
No man of science ever weighed with scales,
Nor made assay with touchstone, no, not one!

280.

I pray thee to my counsel lend thine ear,
Cast off this false hypocrisy's veneer;
This life a moment is, the next all time,
Sell not eternity for earthly gear!

281.

Ofttimes I plead my foolishness to Thee,
My heart contracted with perplexity;
I gird me with the Magian zone, and why?
For shame so poor a Musulman to be.

---

279. L. The vanity of science.

280. C. L. N. A. B. I. Note *rá* separated from its noun, as before. Vullers, p. 173.

۲۷۹

آغازِ دوانِ گشتنِ آن زرّینِ طاس
و انجامِ خرابیِّ چنین نیکْ آساس
دانسته نمیشود بمعیارِ عقول
سنجیده نمیشود بمقیاسِ قیاس

۲۸۰

پندي دهمت اگر بمن داري گوش
از بهرِ خدا جامهٔ تزویر مپوش
عقبیٰ همه ساعتست و دنیا یکدم
از بهرِ دمي ملكِ ابدرا مفروش

۲۸۱

تا چند کنم عرضهٔ نادانيِ خویش
بگْرفت دلِ من از پریشانيِ خویش
زنّارِ مغانه بر میان خواهم بست
داني ز چه از ننگِ مسلمانيِ خویش

281. C. L. N. A. I. J. In line 1 scan *nádánīyĭ*, dissolving the long *yá*.

282.

Khayyam! rejoice that wine you still can pour,
And still the charms of tulip cheeks adore;
You'll soon not be, rejoice then that you are,
Think how 'twould be in case you were no more!

283.

Once, in a potter's shop, a company
Of cups in converse did I chance to see,
And lo! one lifted up his voice, and cried,
"Who made, who sells, who buys this crockery?

284.

Last night, as I reeled from the tavern door,
I saw a sage, who a great wine-jug bore;
I said, "O Shaikh, have you no shame?" Said he,
"Allah hath boundless mercy in his store."

---

282. C. L. N. A. B. I. J.
283. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. Men's speculations.
284. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Sar mast*, a compound,

۲۸۲

خیّام اگر ز بادهٔ مستي خوش باش
با لاله رخي اگر نشستي خوش باش
چون آخرِ کار نیست خواهي بودن
انگار که نیستي چو هستي خوش باش

۲۸۳

در کارگهِ کوزه‌گری رفتم دوش
دیدم دو هزار کوزه گویا و خموش
ناگاه یکی کوزه بر آورد خروش
کو کوزه‌گر و کوزه‌خر و کوزه فروش

۲۸۴

سر مست بمیخانه گذر کردم دوش
پیری دیدم مست و سبوئي بر دوش
گفتم ز خدا شرم نداری ای پیر
گفتا کرم از خداست رو باده بنوش

---

hence *izáfat* omitted. *Saboyey, hamza* (for conjunctive *yá*) followed by *yá i tankir*. See Lumsden, ii. 269.

285.

Life's fount is wine, Khizer its guardian,
I, like Elias, find it where I can;
'Tis sustenance for heart and spirit too,
Allah himself calls wine "a boon to man."

286.

Though wine is banned, yet drink, for ever drink!
By day and night, with strains of music drink!
Where'er thou lightest on a cup of wine,
Spill just one drop, and take the rest, and drink!

287.

Although the creeds number some seventy-three,
I hold with none but that of loving Thee;
What matter faith, unfaith, obedience, sin?
Thou'rt all we need, the rest is vanity.

---

285. C. L. N. A. I. J. Koran, ii. 216. Elias discovered the water of life.

286. C. L. N. A. I. J. To spill a drop is a sign

۲۸۵

می را که خضر خجسته دارد پاسش
او آب حیاتست و منم الیاسش
من قوّتِ دل و قوّتِ روحش خوانم
چون گفت خدا مَنَافِعْ لِلنَّاسِش

۲۸۶

مي گرچه حرامست مدامش مینوش
با نغمه و چنگ صبح و شامش مینوش
جامي ز مئي لعل گرت دست دهد
یکقطره رها کن و تمامش مینوش

۲۸۷

هفتاد و دو ملّتند در دین کم و بیش
از ملّتها عشقِ تو دارم در پیش
چه کفر و چه اسلام چه طاعت چه گناه
مقصود توئی بهانه بر دار از پیش

of liberality. Nicolas.

287. N. See note on Quatrain 194. Forms of faith are indifferent. See *Gulshan i Ráz*, p. 83.

288.

Tell one by one my scanty virtues o'er;
As for my sins, forgive them by the score;
  Let not my faults kindle Thy wrath to flame;
By blest Muhammad's tomb, forgive once more!

289.

Grieve not at coming ill, you can't defeat it,
And what far-sighted person goes to meet it?
  Cheer up! bear not about a world of grief,
Your fate is fixed, and grieving will not cheat it.

290.

There is a chalice made with wit profound,
With tokens of the Maker's favour crowned;
  Yet the world's Potter takes his masterpiece,
And dashes it to pieces on the ground!

---

288. L. N. B. *Rasúl-ullah:* the construction being Arabic, no *izáfat* is needed. Lumsden, ii., p. 251. Also ascribed to Zahír ud-din Faryábi.

۲۸۸

یك یك هنرم بـبین و گنه ده ده بخش
هر جرم که رفت حِسْبَةً لله بخش
از باد و هوا آتشِ کین را مفروز
ما را بسرِ خاكِ رَسُولُ الله بخش

۲۸۹

غم چند خوری ز کارِ نا آمده پیش
رنجست نصیب مردمِ دوراندیش
خوش باش وجهان تنگ مکن بر دلِ خویش
کز خوردنِ غم قضا نگردد کم و بیش

۲۹۰

جامیست که عقلِ آفرین می زندش
صد بوسه ز مهر بر جبین مي زندش
این کوزه‌گرِ دهر چنین جامِ لطیف
مي سازد و باز بر زمین مي زندش

289. L. Line 2 is a question.

290. C. L. A. I. J. So Job: "Is it good unto Thee that Thou shouldest despise the labour of Thine hands?"

291.

In truth wine is a spirit thin as air,
A limpid soul in the cup's earthen ware;
No dull dense person shall be friend of mine
Save wine-cups, which are dense and also rare.

292.

O wheel of heaven! no ties of bread you feel,
No ties of salt, you flay me like an eel!
A woman's wheel spins clothes for man and wife,
It does more good than you, O heavenly wheel!

293.

Did no fair rose my paradise adorn,
I would make shift to deck it with a thorn;
And if I lacked my prayer-mats, beads, and Shaikh,
Those Christian bells and stoles I would not scorn.

291. L. N. B. *Láyik . . . . man: izáfat* omitted because of the intervening words. Lumsden, ii., 250.
292. C. L. N. A. I. J.

۲۹۱

مي در قدحِ انصاف که جانیست لطیف
در کالبدِ شیشه روانیست لطیف
لایق نبُوَد هیچ گران همدم من
جز ساغرِ باده کان گرانیست لطیف

۲۹۲

ای چرخِ فلك نه نان شناسی نه نمك
پیوسته مرا برهنه سازی چو سمك
از چرخِ زني دو شخص پوشیده شود
پس چرخِ زني به از تو ای چرخِ فلك

۲۹۳

گر گل نبُوَد نصیبِ ما خار اینك
ور نور بما نمیرسد تار اینك
ور سبحه و سجّاده و شیخي نبود
ناقوس و کلیسیا و زنّار اینك

293. C. L. N. A. I. (under *Te*). Line 2 is omitted in the translation. So Pope:

"For forms and creeds let graceless zealots fight."

294.

"If heaven deny me peace and fame," I said,
"Let it be open war and shame instead;
The man who scorns bright wine had best beware,
I'll arm me with a stone, and break his head!"

295.

See! the dawn breaks, and rends night's canopy:
Arise! and drain a morning draught with me!
Away with gloom! full many a dawn will break
Looking for us, and we not here to see!

296.

O you, who tremble not at fires of hell,
Nor wash in water of remorse's well,
When winds of death shall quench your vital torch,
Beware lest earth your guilty dust expel.

---

294. C. L. N. A. I. J.
295. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Bisyár*, 'frequently.'

۲۹۴

گر صلح نیابم ز فلك جنگ اینك
ور نام نکو نباشدم ننگ اینك
جام مي لعل ارغوان رنگ اینك
آنکس که نمیخورد سر و سنگ اینك

۲۹۵

هین صبح دمید و دامن شب شد چاك
برخیز و صبوح کن چرائي غمناك
مي نوش دلا که صبح بسیار دمد
او روی بما کرده و ما روي بخاك

۲۹۶

از اتش آخرت نمیداری باك
در آب ندامت نشدی هرگز پاك
چون باد اجل چراغ عمرت بکشد
ترسم که ترا ز ننگ نپذیرد خاك

---

296. L. Possibly written by some pious reader as an answer to Khayyam's scoffs. See note on Quatrain 223.

297.

This world a hollow pageant you should deem;
All wise men know things are not what they
seem;
Be of good cheer, and drink, and so shake off
This vain illusion of a baseless dream.

298.

With maids stately as cypresses, and fair
As roses newly plucked, your wine-cups share,
Or e'er Death's blasts shall rend your robe
of flesh
Like yonder rose leaves, lying scattered there!

299.

Cast off dull care, O melancholy brother!
Woo the sweet daughter of the grape, no other;
The daughter is forbidden, it is true,
But she is nicer than her lawful mother!

297. L. N. All earthly existence is "*Maya.*"
298. C. L. N. A. I. J. The Lucknow commentator says *dáman i gul* means the maid's cheek.

۲۹۷

این صورتِ کونِ جمله نقشست و خیال
عارف نبود هر که ندارد این حال
بنشین قدحِ باده بنوش و خوشباش
فارغ شو ازین نقش و خیالاتِ محال

۲۹۸

با سرو قدي تازه‌تر از خرمنِ گل
از دست مده جامِ مي و دامنِ گل
زان پیش که ناگه شود از بادِ اجل
پیراهنِ عمرِ تو چو پیراهنِ گل

۲۹۹

در سر مگذار هیچ سوداي محال
مي خور همه سال ساغرِ مالامال
با دخترِ رز نشین و عیشي میکن
دختر بحرام به که مادر بحلال

299. N. "Daughter of the grape," *i.e.* wine, a translation of an Arabic phrase.

300.

My love shone forth, and I was overcome,
My heart was speaking, but my tongue was dumb;
Beside the water-brooks I died of thirst.
Was ever known so strange a martyrdom?

301.

Give me my cup in hand, and sing a glee
In concert with the bulbuls' symphony;
Wine would not gurgle as it leaves the flask,
If drinking mute were right for thee and me!

302.

The "Truth" will not be shown to lofty thought,
Nor yet with lavished gold may it be bought;
But, if you yield your life for fifty years,
From words to "states" you may perchance be brought.

---

300. N. *Dil rubáyé*, 'that well-known charmer.' Lumsden, ii. 142. *Pur sukhan*. See note on No. 227.
301. C. L. N. A. I. J.

۳۰۰

عشقي بکمال و دلربائي بجمال
دل پر سخن و زبان زگفتن شده لال
زين نادره‌تر که ديد يا رب بجهان
من تشنه و پيشِ من روان آبِ زلال

۳۰۱

مى بر کفِ من نه و بر آور غلغل
با نالهٔ عندليب و صَوتِ بلبل
بي نغمه اگر روا بُدي مي خوردن
مي از سرِ شيشه مينکردي قلقل

۳۰۲

اسرارِ حقيقت نشود حل بسوال
نه نيز به درباختنِ نعْمت و مال
تا جان نکَني و خون خورى پنجه سال
از قال ترا ره نه نمايند بحال

302. L. Line 3, literally, "Unless you dig up your soul, and eat blood for fifty years." 'States' of ecstatic union with the 'Truth,' or Deity of the Mystics.

303.

I solved all problems, down from Saturn's wreath
Unto this lowly sphere of earth beneath,
And leapt out free from bonds of fraud and lies,
Yea, every knot was loosed, save that of death!

304.

Peace! the eternal "Has been" and "To be"
Pass man's experience, and man's theory;
In joyful seasons naught can vie with wine,
To all these riddles wine supplies the key!

305.

Allah, our Lord, is merciful, though just;
Sinner! despair not, but His mercy trust!
For though to-day you perish in your sins,
To-morrow He'll absolve your crumbling dust.

---

303. C. L. A. I. J. *Hama*, *har*, and similar words, are generally written without the *izáfat*. Lumsden, ii., 249. See Bl., Prosody xii.

٣٠٣

از جرمِ جضیضِ خاك تا اوجِ زحل
کردم همه مشکلاتِ گردون را حل
بیرون جَستم ز بندِ هر مکر و حِیل
هر سُدّ کشاده شد مگر بندِ اجل

٣٠٤

تا کي ز ابد حدیث و تا کي ز ازل
بگذشت ز اندازهٔ من علم و عمل
هنگامِ طرب شراب را نیست بَدَل
هر مشکل را شراب گرداند حل

٣٠٥

از خالقِ کردگار و از ربِّ رحیم
نومید مشو بجرمِ عصیانِ عظیم
گر مست و خراب مرده باشي امروز
فردا بخشد بر استخوانهایِ رمیم

---

304. C. L. A. B. I. J.

305. C. L. N. A. I. J. A very Voltairean quatrain.

306.

Your course annoys me, O ye wheeling skies!
Unloose me from your chain of tyrannies!
  If none but fools your favours may enjoy,
Then favour me,—I am not very wise!

307.

O City Mufti, you go more astray
Than I do, though to wine I do give way;
  I drink the blood of grapes, you that of men:
Which of us is the more bloodthirsty, pray?

308.

'Tis well to drink, and leave anxiety
For what is past, and what is yet to be;
  Our prisoned spirits, lent us for a day,
A while from reason's bondage shall go free!

---

306. C. L. N. A. I. J.

307. C. L. N. A. I. J. Alluding to the selling of justice by Muftis.

۳۰۶

اي چرخ ز گردشِ تو خرسند نَيَم
آزادم کن که لايقِ بند نَيَم
گر ميلِ تو با بيخرد و نادانست
من نيز چنان اهل و خردمند نَيَم

۳۰۷

اي مفتيِ شهْر از تو پر کارتريم
با اين همه مستي از تو هشيارتريم
تو خونِ کسان خوري و ما خونِ رزان
انصاف بده کدام خونخوارتريم

۳۰۸

آن به که بجامِ باده دل شاد کنيم
وز آمده و گذشته کم ياد کنيم
وين عاريتي روانِ زندانيرْا
يکلحظه ز بندِ عقل آزاد کنيم

---

308. C. L. N. A. I. J. *'Ārīyātī rawān*, "this borrowed soul."

309.

When Khayyam quittance at Death's hand
receives,
And sheds his outworn life, as trees their leaves,
Full gladly will he sift this world away,
Ere dustmen sift his ashes in their sieves.

310.

This wheel of heaven, which makes us all afraid,
I liken to a lamp's revolving shade,
The sun the candlestick, the earth the shade,
And men the trembling forms thereon portrayed.

311.

Who was it that did mix my clay? Not I.
Who spun my web of silk and wool? Not I.
Who wrote upon my forehead all my good,
And all my evil deeds? In truth not I.

---

309. C. L. N. A. I. J.

310. C. L. N. A. B. I. *Fánús i khiyál*, a magic or Chinese lantern.

۳۰۹

آن لحظه که از اجل گریزان گردم
چون برگ ز شاخ عمر ریزان گردم
عالم بنشاط دل بغربال کنیم
زان پیش که خاك خاکبیزان گردم

۳۱۰

این چرخ فلك که ما درو حیرانیم
فانوس خیال ازو مثالی دانیم
خورشید چراغدان و عالم فانوس
ما چون صوریم کاندر او گردانیم

۳۱۱

از آب و گلم سرشتهٔ من چکنم
وین پشم و قصب تو رشتهٔ من چکنم
هر نیك و بدی که آید از ما بوجود
تو بر سر من نوشتهٔ من چکنم

---

311. C. L. N. A. I. In line 2 the rhyme shows the word to be *rishtaí*, not *rushtaí*.

312.

O let us not forecast to-morrow's fears,
But count to-day as gain, my brave compeers!
To-morrow we shall quit this inn, and march
With comrades who have marched seven thousand years.

313.

Ne'er for one moment leave your cup unused!
Wine keeps heart, faith, and reason too, amused;
Had Iblis swallowed but a single drop,
To worship Adam he had ne'er refused!

314.

Come, dance! while we applaud thee, and adore
Thy sweet Narcissus eyes, and grape-juice pour;
A score of cups is no such great affair,
But 'tis enchanting when we reach three score!

---

312. C. L. N. A. I. J. Badáúni (ii. 337) says the creation of Adam was 7000 years before his time. Compare Hafiz, *Rubá'i*, 10.

۳۱۲

ای دوست بیا تا غمِ فردا نخوریم
وین یکدمه عمر را غنیمت شمریم
فردا که ازین دیرِ کهن درگذریم
با هفتهزار سالگان هم سفریم

۳۱۳

بی باده مباش تا توانی یکدم
کز باده شود عقل و دل و دین
ابلیس اگر باده بخوردی یکدم
کردی دو هزار سجده پیشِ آدم

۳۱۴

بر خیز و بکوب پای تا دست زنیم
مَی در نظرِ نرگسِ سرمست زنیم
در بیست زدن ذوق ندارد چندان
ذوقِ عجب آن بود که درشبست زنیم

313. C. L. (in part) N. A. I. J. See Koran, ii. 31.
314. N. Narcissus eyes, *i.e.* languid.

315.

I close the door of hope in my own face,
Nor sue for favours from good men, or base;
  I have but ONE to lend a helping hand,
He knows, as well as I, my sorry case.

316.

Ah! by these heavens, that ever circling run,
And by my own base lusts I am undone,
  Without the wit to abandon worldly hopes,
And wanting sense the world's allures to shun!

317.

On earth's green carpet many sleepers lie,
And hid beneath it others I descry;
  And others, not yet come, or passed away,
People the desert of Nonentity!

---

315. C. L. N. A. I. J. A "*Háliya*" quatrain, lamenting his own condition.

316. C. L. N. A. I. J.

۳۱۵

بر خود درِ کام و آرزو در بستم
وز منّتِ هر ناکس و کس وا رستم
جز دوست چو کس نیست که گیرد دستم
من دانم و او چنانکه هستم هستم

۳۱٦

پیوسته ز گردشِ فلك غمگینم
با طبعِ خسیسِ خویشتن در کینم
عِلمي نه که از سرِ جهان بر خیزم
عقلي نه که فارغ ز جهان بنْشینم

۳۱۷

بر مفرشِ خاك خفتگان مي بینم
در زیرِ زمین نهفتگان مي بینم
چندانکه بصحرايِ عدم میشگرم
نا آمدگان و رفتگان مي بینم

317. C. L. N. A. I. J. The sleepers on the earth are those sunk in the sleep of superstition and ignorance.

318.

Sure of Thy grace, for sins why need I fear?
How can the pilgrim faint whilst Thou art near?
  On the last day Thy grace will wash me white,
And make my "black record" to disappear.

319.

Think not I dread from out the world to hie,
And see my disembodied spirit fly;
  I tremble not at death, for death is true,
'Tis my ill life that makes me fear to die!

320.

Let us shake off dull reason's incubus,
Our tale of days or years cease to discuss,
  And take our jugs, and plenish them with
    wine,
Or e'er grim potters make their jugs of us!

318. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Am* is usual after silent *he*, not after *waw*. Lumsden, ii. 72. See Koran, xiii. 47.

319. C. L. N. A. I. J. 'Death is true,' *i.e.* a certainty. So Sir Philip Sidney (after M. Aurelius),

۳۱۸

با رحمتِ تو من از گنه نانديشم
با توشهٔ تو ز رنجِ ره نانديشم
گر لطفِ توام سفيدرو كرداند
يكذرّه ز نامهٔ سيه نانديشم

۳۱۹

تا ظن نبری كه از جهان ميترسم
وز مردن و از رفتنِ جان ميترسم
مردن چو حقيقتست زان باكم نيست
چون نيك نزيستم ازان ميترسم

۳۲۰

تا چند اسيرِ عقلِ هر روزه شويم
در دهر چه صد ساله چه يكروزه شويم
در ده تو بكاسه مي ازان پيش كه ما
در كارگهِ كوزه‌گران كوزه شويم

"Since Nature's works be good, and death doth serve
As Nature's work, why should we fear to die?"
320. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. *Har roza*, an adjective.

321.

How much more wilt thou chide, O raw divine,
For that I drink, and am a libertine?
Thou hast thy weary beads, and saintly show,
Leave me my cheerful sweetheart, and my wine!

322.

Against my lusts I ever war, in vain,
I think on my ill deeds with shame and pain;
I trust Thou wilt assoil me of my sins,
But even so, my shame must still remain.

323.

In these twin compasses, O Love, you see
One body with two heads, like you and me,
Which wander round one centre, circlewise,
But at the last in one same point agree.

321. C. L. N. A. I. J.
322. C. L. N. A. B. I.
323. C. L. N. A. I. Mr. Fitzgerald quotes a similar

۳۲۱

تا چند ملامت کنی ای زاهدِ خام
ما رندِ خراباتی و مستیم مدام
تو در غمِ تسبیح و ریا و تلبیس
ما با می و معشوقه مدامیم بکام

۳۲۲

با نفس همیشه در نبردم چکنم
وز کردهٔ خویشتن بدردم چکنم
گیرم که ز من درگذرانی بکرم
زان شرم که دیدی که چه کردم چکنم

۳۲۳

جانا من و تو نمونهٔ پرگاریم
سرگرچه دو کرده ایم یکتن داریم
بر نقطه روانیم کنون دائره وار
تا آخرِ کار سر بهم باز آزیم

figure used by the poet Donne, for which see Ward's "English Poets," i. 562. The two heads are the points of the compasses.

324.

We shall not stay here long, but while we do,
'Tis folly wine and sweethearts to eschew;
Why ask if earth etern or transient be?
Since you must go, it matters not to you.

325.

In reverent sort to mosque I wend my way,
But, by great Allah, it is not to pray;
No! but to steal a prayer-mat! When 'tis worn,
I go again, another to purvey.

326.

No more let fate's annoys our peace consume,
But let us rather rosy wine consume;
The world our murderer is, and wine its blood,
Shall we not then that murderer's blood consume?

---

324. C. L. N. A. B. I. J.

325. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. To "steal a prayer-mat"

۳۲۴

چون نیست مقامِ ما درین دیر مقیم
پس بی می و معشوق خطائیست عظیم
تا کی ز قدیم و محدث ای مردِ حکیم
چون من رفتم جهان چه محدث چه قدیم

۳۲۵

در مسجد اگرچه با نیازِ آمده ام
حقّا که نه از بهر نماز آمده ام
روزی اینجا سجّادهٔ دزدیدم
آن کهنه شدست باز باز آمده ام

۳۲۶

دیگر غمِ این گردشِ گردون نخوریم
جز بادهٔ نابِ صافِ گلگون نخوریم
مي خونِ جهانست و جهان خونيِ ما
ما خونِ دلِ خونيِ خود چون نخوریم.

---

is to pray to be seen of men.—Nicolas. A satire on some hypocrite, perhaps himself.

326. L. N. See Koran, ii. 187.

327.

For thee I vow to cast repute away,
And, if I shrink, the penalty to pay;
Though life might satisfy thy cruelty,
'Twere naught, I'll bear it till the judgment-day!

328.

In Being's rondure do we stray belated,
Our pride of manhood humbled and abated;
Would we were gone! long since have we been wearied
With this world's griefs, and with its pleasures sated.

329.

The world is false, so I'll be false as well,
And with bright wine, and gladness ever dwell!
They say, "May Allah grant thee penitence!"
He grants it not, and did he, I'd rebel!

---

327. C. L. N. A. B. I. Note *izáfat* dropped after silent *he*, and *rá* separated from its noun.

328. L. N.

٣٢٧

در عشقِ تو صد گونه ملامت بکشم
ور بشْکنم این عهد غرامت بکشم
گر عمر وفا کند جفاهایِ ترا
باري کم ازانکه تا قیامت بکشم

٣٢٨

در دایرهٔ وجود دیر آمده ایم
وز پایهٔ مردمي بزیر آمده ایم
چون عمر نه بر مرادِ ما میگذرد
ای کاش سر آمدی که سیر آمده ایم

٣٢٩

دنیا چو فناستِ من بجز فن نکنم
جز یادِ نشاط و میِ روشن نکنم
گویند مرا که ایزدت توبه دهاد
او خود ندهد ور بدهد من نکنم

329. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. Note the pun on *fana*, 'illusion,' and *fan*, 'art, fraud.'

330.

When Death shall tread me down upon the
plain,
And pluck my feathers, and my life-blood drain,
Then mould me to a cup, and fill with wine;
Haply its scent will make me breathe again.

331.

So far as this world's dealings I have traced,
I find its favours shamefully misplaced;
Allah be praised! I see myself debarred
From all its boons, and wrongfully disgraced.

332.

'Tis dawn, my heart with wine I will recruit,
And dash to bits the glass of good repute;
My long-extending hopes I will renounce,
And grasp long tresses, and the charming lute.

---

330. C. L. N. A. B. I. J.

331. C. L. N. A. I. *'Alam hama*, &c., "states entirely

۳۳۰

در پايِ اجل چو من سرافگنده شوم
در دست اجل چو مرغِ پرکنده شوم
زينهار گِلَم بجز صراحي مکنيد
باشد که ببویِ مي دمي زنده شوم

۳۳۱

زينگونه که من کارِ جهان ميبينم
عالم همه رايگان بران مي بينم
سبحان الله بهر چه در مينگرم
ناکامیِ خويش اندر آن مي بينم

۳۳۲

صبح است دمي بر میِ گلرنگ زنيم
وين شيشهٔ نام وننگ بر سنگ زنيم
دست از املِ درازِ خود باز کشيم
در زلفِ دراز و دامنِ چنگ زنيم

gratuitous." Write *barán* without a *madd.* Bl., Prosody, p. 11. Compare Shakespear, Sonnet 66.

332. L. N. B.

333.

Though I had sinned the sins of all mankind,
I know Thou would'st to mercy be inclined;
Thou sayest, "I will help in time of need:"
One needier than me where wilt Thou find?

334.

Am I a wine-bibber? What if I am?
Gueber, or infidel? Suppose I am?
Each sect miscalls me, but I heed them not,
I am my own, and, what I am, I am.

335.

All my life long from drink I have not ceased
And drink I will to-night on Kader's feast;
And throw my arms about the wine-jar's nec
And kiss its lip, and clasp it to my breast!

---

333. C. L. N. A. I. J. The *waw* in *'afw* is a consonant, and therefore takes *kasra* for the *izáfat*, without the intervention of conjunctive *yá*.

۳۳۳

گر من گنهِ روی زمین کردستم
عفوِ تو امید است که گیرد دستم
گفتی که بروزِ عجز دستت گیرم
عاجزتر ازین مخواه کاکنونِ هستم

۳۳۴

گر من ز میِ مغانه مستم هستم
ور کافر و گبر و بت پرستم هستم
هر طائفهٔ بمن گمانی دارند
من زانِ خودم چنانکه هستم هستم

۳۳۵

هشیار نبوده ام دمی تا هستم
امشب شبِ قدرست و من امشب مستم
لب بر لبِ جام و سینه بر سینهٔ خم
تا روز بگردنِ صراحی دستم

---

334. C. L. N. Å. I. J. *Zan i khud* for *azán i khud*, "my own property."

335. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Kadr*, the night of power. Koran, xcvi. 1.

336.

I know what is, and what is not, I know
The lore of things above, and things below;
But all this lore will cheerfully renounce,
If one a higher grade than drink can show.

337.

Though I drink wine, I am no libertine,
Nor am I grasping, save of cups of wine;
I scruple to adore myself, like you;
For this cause to wine-worship I incline.

338.

To confidants like you I dare to say
What mankind really are :—moulded of clay,
Affliction's clay, and kneaded in distress,
They taste the world awhile, then pass away.

336. L. N. B. Line 1, Being and Not-being, 'Grade,' *i.e.* of learning.

337. C. L. N. A. I. J. A hit at the vain and

۳۳۶

من ظاهرِ نیستی و هستی دانم
من باطنِ هر فراز و پستی دانم
با اینهمه از دانشِ خود شرمم باد
گر مرتبهٔ ورایِ مستی دانم

۳۳۷

من باده خورم و لیك مستی نکنم
الّا بقدح درازدستی نکنم
داني غرضم ز مي پرستي چه بود
تا همچو تو خویشتن پرستي نکنم

۳۳۸

محرم هستي که با تو گویم یك دم
کز اوّل کار خود چه بودست آدم
محنت زدهٔ سرشته اندر گلِ غم
یکچند جهان بخورْد و بر داشت قدم

---

covetous Mollas. Also ascribed to Anwari.

338. C. L. N. A. I. J. Note the archaic form *budast.* Bl., Prosody, p. 12. *Mihnat zadayé, hamza* for *ya i tankir.*

339.

We make the wine-jar's lip our place of prayer,
And drink in lessons of true manhood there,
  And pass our lives in taverns, if perchance
The time misspent in mosques we may repair.

340.

Man is the whole creation's summary,
The precious apple of great wisdom's eye;
  The circle of existence is a ring,
Whereof the signet is humanity.

341.

With fancies, as with wine, our heads we turn,
Aspire to heaven, and earth's low trammels spurn;
  But, when we drop this fleshly clog, 'tis seen
From dust we came, and back to dust return.

---

339. L. N. In line 4 scan *sawmă'ăhá.* This quatrain is probably mystical.

340. C. L. N. A. I. In line 3 scan *angashtărīyast.*

۳۳۹

ما جايِ نمازي بلبِ خم كرديم
خود را بميِ لعل چو مردم كرديم
در كويِ خرابات مگر بتوان يافت
آن عمر كه در صومعها گم كرديم

۳۴۰

مقصود ز جمله آفرينش مائيم
در چشمِ خرد جوهرِ بينش مائيم
اين دائرهٔ جهان چو انگشتري است
بي هيچ شكي نقشِ نگينش مائيم

۳۴۱

ما كز ميِ بيخودی طربناك شديم
وز پايهٔ دون برسرِ افلاك شديم
آخر همه ز آلايشِ تن پاك شديم
از خاك برآمديم و با خاك شديم

Man is the microcosm. See *Gulshan i Ráz*, p. 15.
"The captain jewel of the carcanet."
341. L. N.

342.

If so it be that I did break the fast,
Think not I meant it; no! I thought 'twas past;—
That day more weary than a sleepless night,—
And blessèd breakfast-time had come at last!

343.

I never drank of joy's sweet cordial,
But grief's fell hand infused a drop of gall;
Nor dipped my bread in pleasure's piquant salt,
But briny sorrow made me smart withal!

344.

At dawn to tavern haunts I wend my way,
And with distraught Kalendars pass the day;
O Thou! who know'st things secret, and things known,
Grant me Thy grace, that I may learn to pray!

---

342. L. N. *Roza khwardan*, "to avoid fasting." In line 2, for *bekhabar* read *bákhabar*.

343. C. L. N. A. I. Line 4, literally, "eat a

۳۴۲

من در رمضان روزه اگر میخوردم
تا ظن نبري که با خبر میخوردم
از محنتِ روزه روزِ من چون شب بود
پنداشته بودم که سحر میخوردم

۳۴۳

هرگز بطرب شربتِ آبي نخوریم
تا از کفِ اندوه شرابي نخوریم
ناني نـزنیم در نمك هیچ گهي
تا از جگرِ خویش کبابي نخوریم

۳۴۴

هر روز پگاه در خرابات شوم
همراهِ قلندرانِ طامات شوم
چون عالمِ سرّ و الخفیّات توی
توفیقم ده تا بمناجات شوم.

---

roast of my own liver."

344. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Khafiyyát* means 'manifest,' as well as 'concealed.' Lucknow commentator.

345.

The world's annoys I rate not at one grain,
So I eat once a day, I don't complain;
  And, since earth's kitchen yields no solid food,
I pester no man with petitions vain.

346.

Never from worldly toils have I been free,
Never for one short moment glad to be!
  I served a long apprenticeship to fate,
But yet of fortune gained no mastery.

347.

One hand with Koran, one with wine-cup dight,
I half incline to wrong, and half to right;
  The azure-marbled sky looks down on me
A sorry Moslem, yet not heathen quite.

345. C. L. N. A. I. J. In line 3 the *Alif* in *az* is not treated as an *Alif i wasl*. Bl., Pros. 10.

346. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Ek dam zadan*, 'For one moment.'

۳۴۵

یکجو غمِ ایّام نداریم خوشیم
گر چاشت بود شام نداریم خوشیم
چون پخته بما نمیرسد از مطبخ
از کس طمعِ خام نداریم خوشیم

۳۴۶

یکروز ز بندِ عالم آزاد نیم
یکدم زدن از وجودِ خود شاد نیم
شاگردیِ روزگار کردم بسیار
در دورِ جهان هنوز استاد نیم

۳۴۷

یکدست بمصحفیم و یکدست بجام
گه نزدِ حلالیم و گهي نزدِ حرام
مائیم درین گنبدِ فیروزه رخام
ني کافرِ مطلق نه مسلمانِ تمام

---

347. C. L. N. A. I. J. Khayyam here describes himself as *akratés* rather than *akolastos*. "*Video meliora proboque*," &c.

348.

Khayyam's respects to Mustafa convey,
And with due reverence ask him to say,
Why it has pleased him to forbid pure wine,
When he allows his people acid whey?

349.

Tell Khayyam, for a master of the schools,
He strangely misinterprets my plain rules;
Where have I said that wine is wrong for all?
'Tis lawful for the wise, but not for fools.

350.

My critics call me a philosopher,
But Allah knows full well they greatly err;
I know not even what I am, much less
Why on this earth I am a sojourner!

---

348 and 349. L. These two quatrains are also found in Whalley's Moradabad edition. *Mustafa, i.e.* Muhammad. So Avicenna. See Renan, Averroes, 171.

۳۴۸

از من بر مصطفی رسانید سلام
و انگاه بگوئید باعزازِ تمام
کای سیّدِ هاشمی چرا دوغِ ترش
در شرع حلالست و میِ ناب حرام

۳۴۹

از من بر خیّام رسانید سلام
و انگاه بگوئید که خامي خیّام
من کی گفتم که مي حرامست ولي
بر پخته حلالست و بر خام حرام

۳۵۰

دشمن بغلط گفت که من فلسفیِمَ
ایزد داند که آنچه او گفت نِیَم
لیکن چو درین غم آشیان آمده ام
آخر کم از آن که من ندانم که کِیَم

350. C. L. A. I. J. *Filsafat* meant the Greek philosophy as cultivated by Persian rationalists, in opposition to theology. Renan, Averroes, p. 91.

351.

The more I die to self, I live the more,
The more abase myself, the higher soar;
And, strange! the more I drink of Being's wine,
More sane I grow, and sober than before!

352.

Quoth rose, "I am the Yusuf flower, I swear,
For in my mouth rich golden gems I bear:"
I said, "Show me another proof." Quoth she,
"Behold this blood-stained vesture that I wear!"

353.

I studied with the masters long ago,
And long ago did master all they know;
Hear now the end and issue of it all,
From earth I came, and like the wind I go!

---

351. L. Clearly mystical.

352. L. B. Yusuf is the type of manly beauty. The yellow stamens are compared to his teeth. So Jámí, in "*Yusuf wa Zulaikha.*"

۳۵۱.

چندانکه ز خود نیست‌ترم هست‌ترم
هرچند بلند پایه‌تر پست‌ترم
زین طرفه‌تر آنکه از شرابِ هستی
هر لحظه که هشیارترم مست‌ترم

۳۵۲

گل گفت که من یوسفِ مصرِ چمنم
یاقوتِ گران مایهٔ پر زر دهنم
گفتم چو تو یوسفی نشانی بنمای
گفتا که بخون غرق مگر پیرهنم

۳۵۳

یکچند بکودکی باستاد شدیم
یکچند باستادیِ خود شاد شدیم
پایانِ سخن شنو که مارا چه رسید
از خاك بر آمدیم و بر باد شدیم

---

353. L. B. Mr. Fitzgerald compares the dying exclamation of Nizám ul-Mulk, "I am going in the hands of the wind!" *Mantik ut Tair*, l. 4620.

354.

Death finds us soiled, though we were pure at birth;
With grief we go, although we came with mirth;
Watered with tears, and burned with fires of woe,
And, casting life to winds, we rest in earth!

355.

To find great Jamshed's world-reflecting bowl
I compassed sea and land, and viewed the whole;
But, when I asked the wary sage, I learned
That bowl was my own body, and my soul!

356.

Me, cruel Queen! you love to captivate,
And from a knight to a poor pawn translate;
You marshal all your force to tire me out,
You take my rooks with yours, and then checkmate!

---

354. C. L. A. I. J.

355. L King Jamshed's cup, which reflected the whole world, is the Holy Grail of Persian poetry. Meaning, "man is the microcosm." See note on

٣٥٤

پاك از عدم آمديم ناپاك شديم
آسوده در آمديم و غمناك شديم
بوديم ز آبِ ديده در آتشِ دل
داديم بباد عمْر و در خاك شديم

٣٥٥

در جستنِ جامِ جم جهان پيموديم
روزي نه نشستيم و شبي نه غنوديم
ز استاد چو وصفِ جامِ جم بشْنوديم
خود جامِ جهان نماي جم من بوديم

٣٥٦

فرزين مفتا كه مست غمهات شدم
از اسپ پياده از جفاهات شدم
ز بازيِ فيل و شاه چون در ماندم
رخ بر رخِ تو نهاده ام مات شدم

No. 340. In line 2 scan *naghnúdem*.

356. C. L. A. I. J. The pun on *rukh*, 'cheek,' and *rukh*, 'castle,' is untranslatable.

357.

If Allah wills me not to will aright,
How can I frame my will to will aright?
Each single act I will must needs be wrong,
Since none but He has power to will aright.

358.

"For once, while roses are in bloom," I said,
"I'll break the law, and please myself instead,
With blooming youths, and maidens' tulip cheeks
The plain shall blossom like a tulip-bed."

359.

Think not I am existent of myself,
Or walk this blood-stained pathway of myself;
This being is not I, it is of Him.
Pray what, and where, and whence is this 'myself?'

---

357. C. L. A. I. J.

358. L. N. *Rozí, yá i batní,* or *tankír.* (?) See note on No. 199.

۳۵۷

ایزد چو بخواست آنچه من خواسته ام
کی گردد راست آنچه من خواسته ام
گر جمله صوابست که او خواسته است
پس جمله خطاست آنچه من خواسته ام

۳۵۸

هنگام گلست اختیاری بکنم
وانگه بخلافِ شرع کاري بکنم
با سبزه خطانَ و لاله رخ روزي چند
بر سبزه ز جرعه لاله زاری بکنم

۳۵۹

تا ظن نبري که من بخود موجودم
یا این رهِ خون خواره بخود پیمودم
این بود نبودِ من ز بودِ او بود
من خود که بُدم کجا بُدم کَي بودم .

---

359. C. L. A. I. J. In line 3 I omit *wa* after *In bud*. Meaning, Man's real existence is not of himself, but of the "Truth," the universal *Noumenon*.

360.

Endure this world without my wine I cannot!
Drag on life's load without my cups I cannot!
  I am the slave of that sweet moment, when
They say, "Take one more goblet," and I cannot!

361.

You, who both day and night the world pursue,
And thoughts of that dread day of doom eschew,
  Bethink you of your latter end; be sure
As time has treated others, so 'twill you!

362.

O man, who art creation's summary,
Getting and spending too much trouble thee!
  Arise, and quaff the Etern Cupbearer's wine,
And so from troubles of both worlds be free!

---

360. C. L. A. I. J.

361. C. L. N. A. I.

362. C. L. N. A. I. J. So Wordsworth, "The world is too much with us," &c. The Sufis rejected *talab ud*

٣٦٠

من بي ميِ ناب زيستن نتوانم
بي باده كشيد بارِ تن نتوانم
من بندهٔ آن دمم كه ساقي گويد
يك جامِ دگر بگير و من نتوانم

٣٦١

اي گشته شب و روز بدنيا نگران
انديشه نميكنى تو از روزِ گران
آخر نفسي ببين و باز آى بخود
كايّام چگونه ميكند با دگران

٣٦٢

اى آنكه توئى خلاصهٔ كونِ و مكان
بگذار دمي وسوسهٔ سود و زيان
يكجامِ مي از ساقيِ باقي بستان
تا باز رهي از غمِ اين هر دو جهان

---

dunya, "worldliness," and *talab ul Ukharat*, "other-worldliness," for *talab ul Maula* "disinterested Godliness." So Madame Guyon taught "Holy Indifference."

363.

In this eternally revolving zone,
Two lucky species of men are known;
One knows all good and ill that are on earth,
One neither earth's affairs, nor yet his own.

364.

Make light to me the world's oppressive weight,
And hide my failings from the people's hate,
And grant me peace to-day, and on the morrow
Deal with me as Thy mercy may dictate!

365.

Souls that are well informed of this world's state,
Its weal and woe with equal mind await,
For, be it weal we meet, or be it woe,
The weal doth pass, and woe too hath its date.

---

363. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Tamám*, 'entirely.' The two classes seem to be practical men and mystics.

364. C. L. N. A. I. J. In line 4 scan *ánchaz.*

۳۶۳

از گردشِ این دایرهٔ بی پایان
برخورداری دو نوعِ مردمرا دان
یا با خبری تمام از نیك و بدش
یا بیخبري از خود و از کارِ جهان

۳۶۴

احوالِ جهان بر دلم آسان میکن
وافعالِ بدم ز خلق پنهان میکن
امروز خوشم بدار و فردا با من
آنچه از کرمت سزد بما آن میکن

۳۶۵

آنرا که وقوفست بر احوالِ جهان
شادي و غم و رنج برو شد یکسان
چون نیك و بدِ جهان بسر خواهد شد
خواهی تو بدرد باش و خواهی درمان

365. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. 'Twill all be one a hundred years hence.

366.

Lament not fortune's want of constancy,
But up! and seize her favours ere they flee;
  If fortune always cleaved to other men,
How could a turn of luck have come to thee?

367.

Chief of old friends! hearken to what I say,
Let not heaven's treacherous wheel your heart dismay;
  But rest contented in your humble nook,
And watch the games that wheel is wont to play.

368.

Hear now Khayyám's advice, and bear in mind,
Consort with revellers, though they be maligned,
  Cast down the gates of abstinence and prayer,
Yea, drink, and even rob, but, oh! be kind!

---

366. C. L. N. A. I. J. This was a saying of Kisra Parvíz to his Sultana. Bicknell's Hafiz, p. 73.

367. C. L. N. A. I. J.

٣٦٦

برخیز و مخور غمِ جهانِ گذران
خوشباش و دمي بشادماني گذران
در طبعِ جهان اگر وفائي بودي
نوبت بتو خود نيامدي از دگران

٣٦٧

بشنو ز من ای زبدهٔ يارانِ کهن
اندیشه مکن زین فلکِ بیسر و بن
بر کوشهٔ عرصهٔ قناعت بنشین
بازیچهٔ چرخ را تماشا میکن

٣٦٨

تا بتواني خدمتِ رندان میکن
بنیادِ نماز و روزه ویران میکن
بشنو سخنِ راست ز خیّام اي دوست
مي میخور و ره میزن و احسان میکن

---

368. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. A rather violent extension of the doctrine, Mercy is better than sacrifice.

369.

This world a body is, and God its soul,
And angels are its senses, who control
Its limbs—the creatures, elements, and spheres;
The ONE is the sole basis of the whole.

370.

Last night that idol who enchants my heart,
With true desire to elevate my heart,
Gave me his cup to drink; when I refused,
He said, "O drink to gratify my heart!"

371.

Would'st thou have fortune bow her neck to thee,
Make it thy care to feed thy soul with glee;
And hold a creed like mine, which is, to drain
The cup of wine, not that of misery.

---

369. L. N. So Pope, "All are but parts," &c.
370. N.
371. L. N. So the Ecclesiast, "There is nothing

٣٦٩

حق جانِ جهانست و جهان جمله بدن
واصنافِ ملائكة حواسِ اين تن
افلاك و عناصر و مواليد اعضا
توحيد همين است و دگرها همه فن

٣٧٠

ديشب ز سرِ صدق و صفايِ دلِ من
در ميكده آن روح فزايِ دل من
جامى بمن آورد كه بستان و بخور
گفتم نخورم گفت براىِ دل من

٣٧١

خواهي بنهد پيشِ تو گردون گردن
كارِ تو بود هميشه جان پروردن
همچون منت اعتقاد بايد كردن
مي خوردن و اندوهِ جهان نا خوردن

---

better for a man than that he should eat, and drink, and make his soul enjoy good in his labour."

۳۷۲

در عالمِ خاك از كران تا بكران
چندانكه نظر كنند صاحب نظران
حاصل ز جهانِ بيوفا چيزى نيست
الّا مىِ لعل و عارضِ خوش پسران

۳۷۳

دي بر لبِ جوي با نگاري موزون
من بودم و ساغرِ شرابِ گلگون
در پيش نهاده صدفي كز گهرش
نوبت‌زنِ صبحِ صادق آيد بيرون

۳۷۴

شرمت نايد ازين تباهي كردن
زين تركِ اوامر و نواهي كردن
گيرم كه سراسر الجهان ملكِ تو شد
جز آن كه رها كني چه خواهي كردن

---

izáfat being dispensed with (Lumsden, ii. 269), [?] or perhaps *ya i tausífi* before the "*sifat*" *mawzún*.

374. C. L. N. A. I. J.

375.

In a lone waste I saw a debauchee,
He had no home, no faith, no heresy,
No God, no truth, no law, no certitude;
Where in this world is man so bold as he?

376.

Some look for truth in creeds, and forms, and rules;
Some grope for doubts or dogmas in the schools;
But from behind the veil a voice proclaims,
"Your road lies neither here nor there, O fools."

377.

In heaven is seen the bull we name Parwín,
Beneath the earth another lurks unseen;
And thus to wisdom's eyes mankind appear
A drove of asses, two great bulls between!

---

375. L. N. A *beshara'* or antinomian Sufi.

376. C. L. N. A. I. Truth, hidden from theologians and philosophers, is revealed to mystics. See *Gulshan i Ráz*, p. 11.

۳۷۵

رندي ديدم نشسته بر خشك زمين
نه كفر و نه اسلام و نه دنيا و نه دين
نه حق نه حقيقت نه شريعت نه يقين
اندر دو جهان كرا بُود زهرهٔ اين

۳۷۶

قومي متفكّرند در مذهب و دين
جمعي متحيّرند در شكّ و يقين
ناگاه منادئي بر آيد ز كمين
كاي بيخبران راه نه آنست و نه اين

۳۷۷

گاويست در آسمان و نامش پروين
يك گاوِ دگر نهفته در زيرِ زمين
چشمِ خردت كشاي چون اهلِ يقين
زير و زبرِ دو گاو مشتي خر بين

377. L. N. The bulls are the constellation Taurus, and that which supports the earth. *Mushté*, "a handful;" *izáfat* displaced by *yá i tankír*, Lumsden, ii. 269.

378.

The people say, "Why not drink somewhat less?
What reasons have you for such great excess?"
First, my Love's face, second, my morning draught;
Can there be clearer reasons, now confess?

379.

Had I the power great Allah to advise,
I'd bid him sweep away this earth and skies,
And build a better, where, unclogged and free,
The clear soul might achieve her high emprise.

380.

This silly sorrow-laden heart of mine
Is ever pining for that Love of mine;
When the Cupbearer poured the wine of love,
With my heart's blood he filled this cup of mine!

---

378. C. L. N. A. I. J.

379. C. L. N. A. I. J. This recalls the celebrated speech of Alphonso X., king of Castile.

٣٧٨

گويند براىِ مي كه كمتر خور ازين
آخر بچه عذر بر نداري سر ازين
عذرم رخِ يار و بادهٔ صبحدمست
انصاف بده چه عذر روشنتر ازين

٣٧٩

گر بر فلكم دست بُدي چون يزدان
بر داشتمي من اين فلكرا ز ميان
از نو فلكِ دگر چنان ساختمي
كازاده بكام دل رسيدي آسان

٣٨٠

مسكين دلِ دُردمندِ ديوانهٔ من
هشيار نشد زعشقِ جانانهٔ من
روزي كه شرابِ عاشقي ميدادند
در خونِ جگر زدند پيمانهٔ من

---

380. C. L. N. A. I. Meaning, 'the wine of life, or existence, poured by the Deity into all beings at creation.' See *Gulshan i Ráz*, p. 80.

381.

To drain the cup, to hover round the fair,
Can hypocritic arts with these compare?
If all who love and drink are going wrong,
There's many a wight of heaven may well despair!

382.

'Tis wrong with gloomy thoughts your mirth to drown,—
To let grief's millstone weigh your spirits down;
Since none can tell what is to be, 'tis best
With wine and love your heart's desires to crown.

383.

'Tis well in reputation to abide,
'Tis shameful against heaven to rail and chide;
Still, head had better ache with over drink,
Than be puffed up with Pharisaic pride!

---

381. L. N. B. Note the plural *nekuán* formed without the euphonic *yá*. Scan *nékŭwán*.

٣٨١

میخوردن و گردِ نیکوان گردیدن
به زانکه بزرق و زاهدی ورزیدن
گر عاشق و مست دوزخی خواهد بود
پس روی بهشت کس نخواهد دیدن

٣٨٢

نتوان دلِ شاد را بغم فرسودن
وقتِ خوشِ خود بسنگِ محنت سودن
در دهر که داند که چه خواهد بودن
مَي باید و معشوق و بکام آسودن

٣٨٣

نیکست بنامِ نیک مشهور شدن
عارست ز جورِ چرخ رنجور شدن
خمّار ببوی آبِ انگور شدن
به زانکه بزهدِ خویش مغرور شدن

---

382. C. L. N. A. B. I. J.
383. C. L. N. A. I. J. Compare Tartuffe, i. 6.

384.

O Lord! pity this prisoned heart, I pray,
Pity this bosom stricken with dismay!
  Pardon these hands that ever grasp the cup,
These feet that to the tavern ever stray!

385.

O Lord! from self-conceit deliver me,
Sever from self, and occupy with Thee!
  This self is captive to earth's good and ill,
Make me beside myself, and set me free!

386.

Behold the tricks this wheeling dome doth play,
And earth laid bare of old friends torn away!
  O live this present moment, which is thine,
Seek not a morrow, mourn not yesterday!

---

384. N.
385. C. L. N. A. I. J. A mystic's prayer.

٣٨٤

یا رب بدلِ اسیرِ من رحمت کن
بر سینهٔ غم پذیرِ من رحمت کن
بر پایِ خرابات روِ من بخشای
بر دست پیاله گیرِ من رحمت کن

٣٨٥

یا رب زِ قبولِ ورزدم باز رهان
مشغول خودت کن زِ خودم باز رهان
تا هشیارم ز نیك و بد میدانم
مستم کن و از نیك و بدم باز رهان

٣٨٦

زین گنبدِ گردیده بد افعالی بین
وز رفتنِ دوستان جهان خالی بین
تا بتوانی تو یك نفس خود را باش
فردا منگر دی مطلب حالی بین

---

386. L. B. *Khud rá básh* seems an odd expression, perhaps *khurram básh* is the right reading.

387.

Since all man's business in this world of woe
Is sorrow's pangs to feel, and grief to know,
Happy are they that never come at all,
And they that, having come, the soonest go!

388.

By reason's dictates it is right to live,
But of ourselves we know not how to live,
So Fortune, like a master, rod in hand,
Raps our pates well to teach us how to live!

389.

Nor you nor I can read the etern decree,
To that enigma we can find no key;
They talk of you and me *behind* the veil,
But, if that veil be lifted, where are *we?*

---

387. C. L. A. B. I. J. Compare the chorus in the Oedipus Coloneus.

388. L. Fortune's buffets.

۳۸۷

چون حاصلِ آدمی در این شورستان
جز خوردنِ غصّه نیست یا کندنِ جان
خرّم دلِ آن که زین جهان زود برفت
آسوده کسی که خود نیامد بجهان

۳۸۸

بر موجبِ عقل زندگاني کردن
شاید کردن ولي نداني کردن
استادِ تو روزگار چابکدستست
چندان بسرت زند که داني کردن

۳۸۹

اسرارِ ازل را نه تو دانی و نه من
وین حرفِ معمّا نه تو خواني و نه من
هست از پسِ پرده گفتگوئي من و تو
چون پرده برافتد نه تو ماني و نه من

389. C. L. A. I. J. Meaning, We are part of the "veil" of phenomena, which hides the Divine Noumenon. If that be swept away what becomes of us?

390.

O Love, for ever doth heaven's wheel design
To take away thy precious life, and mine;
  Sit we upon this turf, 'twill not be long
Ere turf shall grow upon my dust, and thine!

391.

When life has fled, and we rest in the tomb,
They'll place a pair of bricks to mark our tomb;
  And, a while after, mould our dust to bricks,
To furnish forth some other person's tomb!

392.

Yon palace, towering to the welkin blue,
Where kings did bow them down, and homage do,
  I saw a ringdove on its arches perched,
And thus she made complaint, "Coo Coo, Coo, Coo!"

---

390. L. N. B.
391. L. N. A. I.
392. C. L. N. A. I. J. Mr. Binning found this

۳۹۰

این چرخِ فلك بهرِ هلاكِ من و تو
قصدي دارد بجانِ پاكِ من و تو
بر سبزه نشین بُتَا كه بس دیر نماند
تا سبزه برون دمد ز خاكِ من و تو

۳۹۱

از تن چو برفت جانِ پاكِ من و تو
خشتی دو نهند بر مغاكِ من و تو
وانگه ز براي خشتِ گورِ دگران
در کالبدی کشند خاكِ من و تو

۳۹۲

آن قصر كه بر چرخ همي زد پهلو
بر درگهِ او شهان نهادندی رو
دیدیم كه بر كنگره اش فاختهٔ
آواز همیداد كه كو كو كو كو

---

quatrain inscribed on the ruins of Persepolis. Fitzgerald.
Coo (*Kú*) means "Where are they?"

393.

We come and go, but for the gain, where is it?
And spin life's woof, but for the warp, where is it?
And many a righteous man has burned to dust
In heaven's blue rondure, but their smoke, where is it?

394.

Life's well-spring lurks within that lip of thine!
Let not the cup's lip touch that lip of thine!
Beshrew me, if I fail to drink his blood,
For who is he, to touch that lip of thine?

395.

Such as I am, Thy power created me,
Thy care hath kept me for a century!
Through all these years I make experiment,
If my sins or Thy mercy greater be.

---

393. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. So Ecclesiastes, "There is no remembrance of the wise, more than of the fool." "Smoke," *i.e.* trace.

۳۹۳

از آمدنِ و رفتنِ ما سودی کو
وز تارِ وجودِ عمرِ ما پودي کو
در چنبرِ چرخ جسمِ چندین پاکان
میسوزد و خاك میشود دودي کو

۳۹۴

اي آبِ حیات مُضمر اندر لبِ تو
مگذار که بوسد لبِ ساغر لبِ تو
گر خونِ صراحي نخورم مرد نیم
او خود که بود که لب نهد بر لبِ تو

۳۹۵

آنم که پدید گشتم از قدرتِ تو
صد ساله شدم بناز و نعمتِ تو
صد سال بامتحان گنه خواهم کرد
یا جرمِ منست بیش یا رحمتِ تو

---

394. C. L. N. A. I. J. To a sweetheart.
395. C. L. N. A. I. J. God's long-suffering.

396.

"Take up thy cup and goblet, Love," I said,
"Haunt purling river bank, and grassy glade;
Full many a moon-like form has heaven's wheel
Oft into cup, oft into goblet, made!"

397.

We buy new wine and old, our cups to fill,
And sell for two grains this world's good and ill;
Know you where you will go to after death?
Set wine before me, and go where you will!

398.

Was e'er man born who never went astray?
Did ever mortal pass a sinless day?
If I do ill, do not requite with ill!
Evil for evil how can'st Thou repay?

---

396. C. L. N. A. B. I. J.

397. L. N . . . . C. A. I. and J. give lines 1 and 2 differently.

۳۹۶

بر دار پیاله و سبو اي دلجو
بر گَرد بگِردِ سبزه‌زار و لبِ جو
کين چرخ بسي قدِّ بتانِ مهرو
صد بار پياله کرد و صد بار سبو

۳۹۷

مائيم خريدارِ ميِ کهنه و نو
وانگاه فروشندهٔ عالم بدو جو
داني که پس از مرگ کجا خواهي رفت
مي پيشِ من آر و هر کجا خواهي رو

۳۹۸

نا کرده گناه در جهان کيست بگو
وانکس که گنه نکرد چون زيست بگو
من بد کنم و تو بد مکافات دهی
پس فرق ميانِ من و تو چيست بگو

398. L. N. Lines 3 and 4 are paraphrased some-what freely.

399.

Bring forth that ruby gem of Badakhshán,
That heart's delight, that balm of Turkistán;
  They say 'tis wrong for Musulmáns to drink,
But ah! where can we find a Musulmán?

400.

My body's life and strength proceed from Thee!
My soul within and spirit are of Thee!
  My being is of Thee, and Thou art mine,
And I am Thine, since I am lost in Thee!

401.

Man, like a ball, hither and thither goes,
As fate's resistless bat directs the blows;
  But He, who gives thee up to this rude sport,
He knows what drives thee, yea, He knows, He knows!

399. C. L. N. A. I. J. Some MSS. read *labála'l.*

400. L. "In him we live and move, and have our being."

401. C. L. A. I. J. Line 4 is in metre 22, con-

۳۹۹

یاقوتِ لبِ لعلِ بدخشانی کو
وان راحتِ روح و راحِ ریحانی کو
گویند حرام در مسلمانی شد
تو مي خور و غم مخور مسلمانی کو

۴۰۰

اي زندگيِ تن و توانم همه تو
جاني و دلی ای دل و جانم همه تو
تو هستيِ من شدي ازانی همه من
من نیست شدم در تو ازانم همه تو

۴۰۱

اي رفته بچوگانِ قضا همچو گو
چپ می خورد و راست برو هیچ مگو
کانکس که ترا فگند اندر تك و پو
او داند او داند او داند او

sisting of ten syllables, all long. The *alifs* after each *dánad* are treated as ordinary consonants. Bl., Prosody, p. 10.

402.

O Thou who givest sight to emmet's eyes,
And strength to puny limbs of feeble flies,
  To Thee we will ascribe Almighty power,
And not base unbecoming qualities.

403.

Let not base avarice enslave thy mind,
Nor vain ambition in its trammels bind;
  Be sharp as fire, as running water swift,
Not, like earth's dust, the sport of every wind!

404.

'Tis best all other blessings to forego
For wine, that charming Turki maids bestow;
  Kalandars' raptures pass all things that are,
From moon on high down unto fish below!

---

402. L. An echo of the Asharians' discussions on the Divine attributes.

403. L. C. A. I. J.

404. C. L. N. Ạ. B. I. J. For *mai* L. reads *hakk*,

۴۰۲

در دیدهٔ تنگِ مور نورست از تو
در پایِ ضعیفِ پشه زورست از تو
ذاتِ تو سزاست مر خداوندي را
هر وصف که ناسزاست دورست از تو

۴۰۳

گر باخردی تو حرص را بنده مشو
در پایِ طمع خوار و سرافگنده مشو
چون اتش تیز باش چون آب روان
چون خاك بهر باد پراگنده مشو

۴۰۴

از هرچه بجز مَیِست کوتاهي به
مي هم ز کفِ بتانِ خرگاهی به
مستيّ و قلندری و گمراهي به
یکجرعهٔ می ز ماه تا ماهی به

---

probably a Sufi gloss. In line 4 scan *mastiyy-ŏ*. Bl., Prosody, p. 11. Kalandars, bibulous Sufis. Fish, that whereon the earth was said to rest.

405.

Friend! trouble not yourself about your lot,
Let futile care and sorrow be forgot;
Since this life's vesture crumbles into dust,
What matters stain of word or deed, or blot?

406.

O thou who hast done ill, and ill alone,
And thinkest to find mercy at the throne,
Hope not for mercy! for good left undone
Cannot be done, nor evil done undone!

407.

Count not to live beyond your sixtieth year,
To walk in jovial courses persevere;
And ere your skull be turned into a cup,
Let wine-cups ever to your hand adhere!

---

405. L. N.
406. N. A. I. This quatrain is by Abu Sa'íd Abu 'l

۴۰۵

ای یار ز روزگار باش آسوده
واندوهِ زمانه کم خور از بیهوده
چون کسوتِ عمر بر تنت چاك شود
چه کرده و چه گفته و چه آلوده

۴۰۶

اي نيك نكرده و بديها كرده
وانگاه بلطفِ حق تولّا كرده
بر عفو مكن تكيه كه هرگز نبود
ناكرده چو كرده كرده چون ناكرده

۴۰۷

اندازهٔ عمر بيش از شصت منه
هر جا که قدم نهٔ بجز مست منه
زان پيش كه كلّهٔ سرت كوزه كنند
رو كوزه ز دوش و كاسه از دست منه

Khair; and is an answer to No. 420, which is attributed to Avicenna. 407. L. N. B.

408.

These heavens resemble an inverted cup,
Whereto the wise with awe keep gazing up;
So stoops the bottle o'er his love, the cup,
Feigning to kiss, and gives her blood to sup!

409.

I sweep the tavern threshold with my hair,
For both worlds' good and ill I take no care;
Should the two worlds roll to my house, like balls,
When drunk, for one small coin I'd sell the pair!

410.

The drop wept for his severance from the sea,
But the sea smiled, for "I am all," said he,
"The Truth is all, nothing exists beside,
That one point circling apes plurality."

408. C. L. N. A. B. I. Blood, an emblem of hate.

409. L. N. B. In lines 3 and 4 note *Gúi*, *kúy*, and *jūi*, scanned as trochee, monosyllable, and iambus

۴۰۸

این چرخ چو طاسیست نگون افتاده
دروی همه زیرکان زبون افتاده
در دوستیِ شیشه و ساغر نگرید
لب بر لب و در میانه خون افتاده

۴۰۹

ای من درِ میخانه بسبلت رُفته
ترکِ بد و نیکِ هر دو عالم گفته
گر هر دو جهان چو گوی افتد بکوی
بر من بجوی چو مست باشم خفته

۴۱۰

قطره بگْریست که از بحر جدائیم همه
بحر بر قطره بخندید که مائیم همه
در حقیقت دگری نیست خدائیم همه
لیك از گردشِ یکنقطه جدائیم همه.

respectively. Bl., Prosody, p. 12.

410. N. This is in Ramal metre, No. 50. Compare *Gulshan i Ráz*, line 710.

411.

Shall I still sigh for what I have not got,
Or try with cheerfulness to bear my lot?
  Fill up my cup! I know not if the breath
I now am drawing is my last, or not!

412.

Yield not to grief, though fortune prove unkind,
No call sad thoughts of parted friends to mind;
  Devote thy heart to sugary lips, and wine,
Cast not thy precious life unto the wind!

413.

Of mosque and prayer and fast preach not to me,
Rather go drink, were it on charity!
  Yea, drink, Khayyam, your dust will soon be made
A jug, or pitcher, or a cup, may be!

411. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. Some MSS. place this quatrain under *Radíf Ya*.

412. L. N. B.

۴۱۱

تا كي غمِ آن خورم كه دارم يا نه
وين عمر بخوشدلى گذارم يا نه
پر كن قدحِ باده كه معلومم نيست
كين دم كه فرو برم بر آرم يا نه

۴۱۲

تن در غمِ روزگارِ بيداد مده
جانرا ز غمِ گذشتگان ياد مده
دل جز بشكر لبِ پريزاد مده
بي باده مباش و عمر بر باد مده

۴۱۳

تا چند ز مسجد و نماز و روزه
در ميكدها مست شو از دريوزه
خيّام بخور باده كه اين خاك ترا
گه جام كنند و گه سبو گه كوزه

---

413. N. "Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

414.

Bulbuls, doting on roses, oft complain
How froward breezes rend their veils in twain;
Sit we beneath this rose, which many a time
Has sunk to earth, and sprung from earth again.

415.

Suppose the world goes well with you, what then?
When life's last page is read and turned, what then?
Suppose you live a hundred years of bliss,
Yea, and a hundred years besides, what then?

416.

How is it that of all the leafy tribe,
Cypress and lily men as "free" describe?
This has a dozen tongues, yet holds her peace,
That has a hundred hands which take no bribe.

414. L. N. B. So Moschus on the mallows.
415. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Ránda,* see Vullers, p. 100.
416. L. N. Sa'di in the *Gulistan,* Book viii., gives

۴۱۴

بنگر ز صبا دامنِ گل چاك شده
بلبل ز جمالِ گل طربناك شده
در سايهٔ گل نشين كه بسيار اين گل
از خال بر آمدست و بر خال شده

۴۱۵

دنيا بمراد رانده گير آخر چه
وين نامهٔ عمر خوانده گير آخر چه
گيرم كه بكامِ دل بماني صد سال
صد سال دگر بمانده گير آخر چه

۴۱۶

داني ز چه روي اوفتادست و چه راه
آزاديِ سرو و سوسن اندر افواه
اين دارد ده زبان وليكن خاموش
وان دارد صد دست وليكن كوتاه

---

another explanation of this expression. "Tongues, stamens, and hands, branches."

417.

Cupbearer! bring my wine-cup, let me grasp it!
Bring that delicious darling, let me grasp it!
That pleasing chain which tangles in its coils
Wise men and fools together, let me grasp it!

418.

Alas! my wasted life has gone to wrack!
What with forbidden meats, and lusts, alack!
And leaving undone what 'twas right to do,
And doing wrong, my face is very black!

419.

I could repent of all, but of wine, never!
I could dispense with all, but with wine, never!
If so be I became a Musulman,
Could I abjure my Magian wine? no, never!

417. L. N. *Bipéchand* seems a plural of dignity.
418. C. L. N. A. I. *Harám*, the predicate of *lakma*. These whimsical outbursts of self-reproach in the midst

۴۱۷

ساقي مىِ خوشگوار بر دستم نه
وان بادهٔ چون نگار بر دستم نه
آن مى كه چو زنجير بپيچند بهم
ديوانه و هوشيار بر دستم نه

۴۱۸

فرياد كه رفت عمر بر بيهوده
هم لقمه حرام و هم نفس آلوده
فرمودهٔ نا كرده سيه رويم كرد
فرياد ز كردهاي نا فرموده

۴۱۹

من توبه كنم از همه چيز از مى نه
كز جمله گزير باشدم از وى نه
امّا بود آنكه من مسلمان گردم
وين تركِ مىِ مغانه كويم هى نه

of antinomian utterances are characteristic of Khayyam.

419. L. N. The Magians sold wine.

420.

We rest our hopes on Thy free grace alone,
Nor seek by merits for our sins to atone;
Mercy drops where it lists, and estimates
Ill done as undone, good undone as done.

421.

This is the form Thou gavest me of old,
Wherein Thou workest marvels manifold;
Can I aspire to be a better man,
Or other than I issued from Thy mould?

422.

O Lord! to Thee all creatures worship pay,
To Thee both small and great for ever pray,
Thou takest woe away, and givest weal,
Give then, or, if it please Thee, take away!

---

420. L. N. A. I. This quatrain is also ascribed to the celebrated philosopher Avicenna. See No. 406.

421. C. L. N. A. I. This is a variation of No. 221.

۴۲۰

مائیم بلطفِ تو تولّا کرده
وز طاعت و معصیت تبرّا کرده
آنجا که عنایتِ تو باشد باشد
نا کرده چو کرده کرده چون نا کرده

۴۲۱

نقشیست که بر وجودِ ما ریختهٔ
صد بو العجبي ز ما بر انگیختهٔ
من زان به ازین نمیتوانم بودن
کز بوته مرا چنین فرو ریختهٔ

۴۲۲

اي در رهِ بندگیت یکسان که و مه
در هر دو جهان خدمتِ درگاهِ تو به
نکبت تو ستانيّ و سعادت تو دهي
یا رب تو بفضلِ خویش بستان و بده

---

422. L. Scan *bandagíta*, omitting *fatha* before *te*. Vullers, p. 197.

423.

With going to and fro in this sad vale
Thou art grown double, and thy credit stale,
  Thy nails are thickened like a horse's hoof,
Thy beard is ragged as an ass's tail.

424.

O unenlightened race of humankind,
Ye are a nothing, built on empty wind!
  Yea, a mere nothing, hovering in the abyss,
A void before you, and a void behind!

425.

Each morn I say, "To-night I will repent
Of wine, and tavern haunts no more frequent;"
  But while 'tis spring, and roses are in bloom,
To loose me from my promise, O consent!

---

423. C. L. A. I. J. A description of old age.

424. C. L. A. I. J. The technical name for existence between two non-existences is *Takwín*. Bl. *Ain i*

۴۲۳

اي رفته و باز آمده و خم گشته
تامت ز میانِ مردمان گم گشته
ناخن همه جمع آمده و سم گشته
ریش از پسِ کون آمده و دم گشته

۴۲۴

اي بیخبر از کارِ جهان هیچ نهٔ
بنیاد بباد ست ازان هیچ نهٔ
شد حدِّ وجود در میانِ دو عدم
اطراف بود تو در میان هیچ نهٔ

۴۲۵

هر روز برانم که کنم شب توبه
از جام و پیالهٔ لبالب توبه
اکنون که رسید وقتِ گل ترکم ده
در موسمِ گل ز توبه یا رب توبه

Akhari, p. 198. Compare the term "*nunc stans*," applied to Time by the Schoolmen.

425. C. L. A. I. J.

426.

Vain study of philosophy eschew!
Rather let tangled curls attract your view;
And shed the bottle's life-blood in your cup,
Or e'er death shed your blood, and feast on you.

427.

O heart! can'st thou the darksome riddle read,
Where wisest men have failed, wilt thou succeed?
Quaff wine, and make thy heaven here below,
Who knows if heaven above will be thy meed?

428.

They that have passed away, and gone before,
Sleep in delusion's dust for evermore;
Go, boy, and fetch some wine, this is the truth,
Their dogmas were but air, and wind their lore!

426. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. *Bigorézí bi,* "better that you should eschew."

427. C. L. N. A. B. I. J.

۴۲۶

از درسِ علومِ جمله بگریزي به
واندر سرِ زلفِ دلبر آویزي به
زان پیس که روزگار خونت ریزد
تو خونِ صراحی بقدح ریزی به

۴۲۷

اي دل تو باسرارِ معمّا نرسي
در نکتهٔ زیرکانِ دانا نرسي
اینجا بمی و جام بهشتی میساز
کانجا که بهشتست رسي یا نرسی

۴۲۸

آنان که ز پیش رفته اند اي ساقي
در خاکِ غرورْ خفته اند اي ساقي
رو باده خور و حقیقت از من بشنو
بادست هر آنچه گفته اند اي ساقي

428. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. So Ecclesiastes, "I gave my heart to know wisdom . . . . and perceived that this also is vanity."

429.

O heart! when on the Loved One's sweets you feed,
You lose yourself, yet find your Self indeed;
And, when you drink of His entrancing cup,
You hasten your escape from quick and dead!

430.

Though I am wont a wine-bibber to be,
Why should the people rail and chide at me?
Would that all evil actions made men drunk,
For then no sober people should I see!

431.

Child of four elements and sevenfold heaven,
Who fume and sweat because of these eleven,
Drink! I have told you seventy times and seven,
Once gone, nor hell will send you back, nor heaven.

---

429. C. L. N. A. I. J. Die to self, to live in God, your true self. See Max Müller, Hibbert Lectures, p. 375.

۴۲۹

اي دل چو ببزمِ آن صنم بنْشستي
از خويش بريدي و بخود پيوستي
از جامِ فنا چو جرعهٔ نوشيدي
از بود و نبودگان بكلّي رستي

۴۳۰

افتاد مرا با مى و مستى كاري
خلقم بچه ميكنند ملامت باري
اي كاش كه هر حرام مستى كردي
تا من بجهان نديدمى هشياري

۴۳۱

اي آنكه نتيجهٔ چهار و هفتي
در هفت و چهار دائم اندر تفتي
مى خور كه چهار بار بيشت گفتم
باز آمدنت نيست چو رفتي رفتى

430. C. N. A. I. J.
431. C. L. N. A. I. J.

432.

With many a snare Thou dost beset my way,
And threatenest, if I fall therein, to slay;
Thy rule resistless sways the world, yet Thou
Imputest sin, when I do but obey!

433.

To Thee, whose essence baffles human thought,
Our sins and righteous deeds alike seem naught;
May Thy grace sober me, though drunk with sins,
And pardon all the ill that I have wrought!

434.

If this life were indeed an empty play,
Each day would be an '*Id* or festal day,
And men might conquer all their hearts desire,
Fearless of after penalties to pay!

---

432. B. N. Allah is the *Fá'il i hakíkí*, the only real agent, according to the Sufi view. *Hukmi tu kuní*, "Thou givest thy order," Should we read *hukmé?*
433. L. N.

۴۳۲

بر رهگذرم هزار جا دام نهي
گوئی کشمت اگر در او گام نهي
يك ذرّه ز حکمِ تو جهان خالی نيست
حکمِ تو کني و عاصيم نام نهي

۴۳۳

اي از حرمِ ذاتِ تو عقل آگه ني
وز معصيت و طاعت ما مستغنی
مستم ز گناه و از رجا هشيارم
امّيد برحمتِ تو دارم يعنی

۴۳۴

اين کارِ جهان اگر بتقليدستي
هر روز بجايِ خويشتن عيدستي
هر کس بمرادِ خويش دستي بزدي
گر زانکه نه اين بيهُده تهديدستي

---

434. N. N. takes *taklíd* in the sense of "authority," but I think it alludes to Koran, xxix. 64. See *Gulshan i Ráz*, p. 50.

435.

O wheel of heaven, you thwart my heart's
desire,
And rend to shreds my scanty joy's attire,
The water that I drink you foul with earth,
And turn the very air I breathe to fire!

436.

O soul! could you but doff this flesh and bone,
You'd soar a sprite about the heavenly throne;
Had you no shame to leave your starry home,
And dwell an alien on this earthy zone?

437.

Ah, potter, stay thine hand! with ruthless art
Put not to such base use man's mortal part!
See, thou art mangling on thy cruel wheel
Farídun's fingers, and Kai Khosrau's heart!

---

435. C. L. N. A. I.
436. C. L. N. B. A. I,
437. C. L. N. A. I. Farídun and Kai Khosrau were

۴۳۵

اي چرخ دلم هميشه غمناك كني
پيراهنِ خرّميّ من چاك كني
بادي كه رسد بمن تو اش آب كني
آبي كه خورم تو در دهن خاك كنی

۴۳۶

اي دل ز غبارِ جسم اگر پاك شوي
تو روحِ مجرّدي بر افلاك شوي
عرش است نشيمنِ تو شرمت بادا
كائي و مقيمِ خطّهٔ خاك شوي

ای کوزه‌گرا بكوش اگر هشياري
تا چند کنی بر گلِ آدم خواري
انگشتِ فريدون و كف كيخسرو
بر چرخ نهادهٔ چه مي پنداري

ancient kings of Persia. Kai Khosrau is usually identified with Cyrus.

438.

O rose! all beauties' charms thou dost excel,
As wine excels the pearl within its shell;
O fortune! thou dost ever show thyself
More strange, although I seem to know thee well!

439.

From this world's kitchen crave not to obtain
Those dainties, seeming real, but really vain,
Which greedy worldlings gorge to their own loss;
Renounce that loss, so loss shall prove thy gain!

440.

Plot not of nights, thy fellows' peace to blight,
So that they cry to God the live-long night;
Nor plume thee on thy wealth and might, which thieves
May steal by night, or death, or fortune's might.

---

438. N. *Mimáni,* You resemble.

439. L. N. B.

440. N. *Tá bar nikashand* "Let us abstain from

۴۳۸

ای گل تو بروی دلربا میمانی
وی مل تو بلعل جانفزا میمانی
ای بخت ستیزه کار هر دم با من
بیگانه‌تری و آشنا میمانی

۴۳۹

از مطبخ دنیا تو همه دود خوری
تا چند غمان بود و نابود خوری
دنیا که بر اهل او زیانیست عظیم
گر ترك زیان کنی همه سود خوری

۴۴۰

آزار دل خلق مجوئیم شبی
تا بر نکشند یا ربی نیم شبی
بر مال و جمال خویشتن تکیه مکن
کانرا بشبی برند و این را بشبی

---

oppressing people, so that they may not heave a sigh, saying, O Lord."

441.

This soul of mine was once Thy cherished bride,
What caused Thee to divorce her from Thy side?
Thou didst not use to treat her thus of yore,
Why then now doom her in the world to abide?

442.

Ah! would there were a place of rest from pain,
Which we, poor pilgrims, might at last attain,
And after many thousand wintry years,
Renew our life, like flowers, and bloom again!

443.

While in love's book I sought an augury;
An ardent youth cried out in ecstacy,
"Who owns a sweetheart beauteous as the moon,
Might wish his moments long as years to be!"

441. L. N.

442. C. N. A. I. J. In line 2, for *basar* some MSS. read *rawe* and some *rahe*.

۴۴۱

اوّل بخودم چو آشنا میکردی
آخر ز خودم چرا جدا میکردی
چون ترکِ منت نبود از روزِ نخست
سرگشته بعالمم چرا میکردي

۴۴۲

اي کاش که جايِ آرميدن بودي
يا اين ره را بسر رسيدن بودي
کاش از پيِ صد هزار سال از دلِ خاك
چون سبزه اميدِ نو دميدن بودي

۴۴۳

از دفترِ عشق ميکشودم فالي
ناگاه ز سوز سينه صاحب حالي
ميگفت خوشا کسي که در خانهٔ او
ياريست چو ماهيّ و شبي چون سالي

443. C. L. N. A. I. Compare the "*sortes Virgilianæ.*" Line 4 is freely paraphrased. In line 4, scan *máhīyyŏ.* Bl., Prosody, p. 11.

444.

Winter is past, and spring-tide has begun,
Soon will the pages of life's book be done!
Well saith the sage, "Life is a poison rank,
And antidote, save grape-juice, there is none."

445.

Beloved, if thou a reverend Molla be,
Quit saintly show, and feigned austerity,
And quaff the wine that Murtaza purveys,
And sport with Houris 'neath some shady tree!

446.

Last night I dashed my cup against a stone,
In a mad drunken freak, as I must own,
And lo! the cup cries out in agony,
"You too, like me, shall soon be overthrown."

---

444. C. L. N. A. I. J.

445. N. Note the change from the imperative to the aorist. In line 4 scan *Murtăzáshū.* Murtaza (Ali) is

۴۴۴

از آمدنِ بهار و از رفتنِ دي
اوراقِ وجود ما هميگردد طي
مي خور مخور اندوه كه گفتست حكيم
غمهايِ جهان چو زهر و ترياكش مي

۴۴۵

اي دل مى و معشوق بكن در باغي
سالوس رها كن و مكن زرّاقي
گر پير و احمدي خوري جامِ شراب
زان حوض كه مرتضاش باشد ساقي

۴۴۶

بر سنگ زدم دوش سبوئي كاشي
سر مست بُدم كه كردم اين اوباشي
با من بزبانِ حال ميگفت سبو
من چون تو بدم تو نيز چون من باشي

---

the celestial cupbearer.

446. C. L. N. A. B. I. *Sabóyïy, yá i batní,* joined to the noun by euphonic or conjunctive *yá*.

447.

My heart is weary of hypocrisy,
Cupbearer, bring some wine, I beg of thee!
This hooded cowl and prayer-mat pawn for wine,
Then will I boast me in security.

448.

Audit yourself, your true account to frame,
See! you go empty, as you empty came;
You say, "I will not drink and peril life,"
But, drink or no, you must die all the same!

449.

Open the door! O entrance who procurest,
And guide the way, O Thou of guides the surest!
Directors born of men shall not direct me,
Their counsel comes to naught, but Thou endurest!

---

447. N.
448. C. L. N., A. I. In line 2, scan *áwardĭyŏ*.

۴۴۷

بگرفت مرا ملالت از زرّاقي
برخيز و سبک باده بيار اي ساقي
سجّاده و طيلسان بمي ساز گرو
تا بو که شود لافِ من اندر باقي

۴۴۸

برگير ز خود حساب اگر با خبري
کاوّل تو چه آوردي و آخر چه بري
گوئي نخورم باده که ميبايد مرد
ميبايد مرد اگر خوري يا نخوري

۴۴۹

بگشاي درم که درکشاينده توئي
بنماي رهم که ره نماينده توئي
من دست بهيچ دستگيري ندهم
کايشان همه فاني اند و پاينده توئي

449. C. L. N. A. I. J. In line 4, scan *fánĭyand*, dissolving the letter of prolongation, *yá*.

450.

In slandering and reviling you persist,
Calling me infidel and atheist:
  My errors I will not deny, but yet
Does foul abuse become a moralist?

451.

To find a remedy, put up with pain,
Chafe not at woe, and healing thou wilt gain;
  Though poor, be ever of a thankful mind,
'Tis the sure method riches to obtain.

452.

Give me a skin of wine, a crust of bread,
A pittance bare, a book of verse to read;
  With thee, O love, to share my lowly roof,
I would not take the Sultan's realm instead!

---

450. C. L. N. A. I. In line 1, scan *gōyĭ-yāz*, Bl., Prosody, p. 10. The *tashdíd* of *mukirr* is dropped.

451. L. N. *Dawáyiy*. The first *ya* is the conjunctive

۴۵۰

با من تو هرآنچه گوئي از کين گوئي
پيوسته مرا ملحد و بيدين گوئي
من خود مقرم بر آنچه هستم ليکن
انصاف بده ترا رسد کين گوئي

۴۵۱

با درد بساز تا دوائي يابي
وز رنج منال تا شفائي يابي
ميباش بوقت بينوائي شاکر
تا عاقبت الامر نوائي يابي

۴۵۲

تنگي ميِ لعل خواهم و ديواني
سدّ رمقي بايد، و نصفِ ناني
وانکه من و تو نشسته در ويراني
خوشتر بود از مملکتِ سلطاني

---

ya (Vullers, p. 16), the second, *yá i tankír*.

452. N. B. *Tangé*, the *izáfat* is displaced by *yá i tankír*, according to Lumsden, ii. 269.» [*Sed quære*].

453.

Reason not of the five, nor of the four,
Be their dark problems one, or many score;
We are but earth, go, minstrel, bring the lute,
We are but air, bring wine, I ask no more!

454.

Why argue on Yásin and on Barát?
Write me the draft for wine they call Barát!
The day my weariness is drowned in wine
Will seem to me as the great night Barát!

455.

Whilst thou dost wear this fleshly livery,
Step not beyond the bounds of destiny;
Bear up, though very Rustams be thy foes,
And crave no boon from friends like Hatim Tai!

---

453. N. C. L. A. I. J. give only the first line of this. Five senses, four elements.

454. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Yasín* is the 64th, and

۴۵۳

تا چند حدیثِ پنج و چار ای ساقی
مشکل چه یکی چه صد هزار ای ساقی
خاکیم همه چنگ بساز ای ساقی
بادیم همه باده بیار ای ساقی

۴۵۴

تا چند ز یاسین و برات ای ساقی
بنویس بمیخانه برات ای ساقی
روزی که براتِ ما بمیخانه برند
آنروز بود شبِ برات ای ساقی

۴۵۵

تا در تن تست استخوان و رگ و پی
از خانهٔ تقدیر منه بیرون پی
گردن منه ار خصم بود رستمِ زال
منّت مکش ار دوست بود حاتم طی

Barát the 9th, chapter of the Koran. *Barát*, the "night of power."

455. C. L. N. A. I. J.

456.

These ruby lips, and wine, and minstrel boys,
And lute, and harp, your dearly cherished toys,
Are mere redundancies, and you are naught,
Till you renounce the world's delusive joys.

457.

Bow down, heaven's tyranny to undergo,
Quaff wine to face the world, and all its woe;
Your origin and end are both in earth,
But now you are *above* earth, not *below*!

458.

You know all secrets of this earthly sphere,
Why then remain a prey to empty fear?
You cannot bend things to your will, but yet
Cheer up for the few moments you are here!

456. L. N. *Hashw,* mere "stuffing," "leather or prunello."

۴۵۶

تا در هوسِ لعلِ لب و جامِ مئي
تا در پيِ آوازِ دف و چنگِ نئي
اينها همه حشو است خدا ميداند
تا ترکِ تعلّق نکني هيچ نئي

۴۵۷

تن زن چو بزيرِ فلکِ بيباکی
می نوش چو در عالمِ آفتناکی
چون اوّل و آخرت بجز خاکی نيست
انگار که در خاک نئی بر خاکی

۴۵۸

چون واقفي اي پسر ز هر اسراري
چندين چه خوري به بيهده تيماري
چون مي نرود باختياري کاري
خوش باش درين نفس که هستي باري

---

457. C. L. N. A. I. J.
458. C. L. N. A. I. J. Scan *chún wákĭfīyāy.*

459.

Behold, where'er we turn our ravished eyes,
Sweet verdure springs, and crystal Kausars rise;
And plains, once bare as hell, now smile as heaven:
Enjoy this heaven with maids of Paradise!

460.

Never in this false world on friends rely,
(I give this counsel confidentially,)
Put up with pain, and seek no antidote,
Endure your grief, and ask no sympathy!

461.

Of wisdom's dictates two are principal,
Surpassing all your lore traditional;
Better to fast than eat of every meat,
Better to live alone than mate with all!

---

459. C. L. N. A. B. I. J.

460. N.

461. N. *Hadís i ná góyáyīy.* The unwritten

۴۵۹

چندانکه نگاه میکنم هر سوئي
از سبزه بهشتست و ز کوثر جوئي
صحرا چه بهشت شد ز دوزخ گوئي
بنْشين ببهشت با بهشتي روئي

۴۶

در شعبده خانهء جهان يار مجوي
بشْنو ز من اين حديث و زنهار مگوی
با درد بساز و هيچ درمان مطلب
با غم بنْشين خرّم و غمخوار مجوی

۴۶۱

دو چيز که هست مايهء دانائي
بهتر ز همه حديث نا گويائي
از خوردنِ هر چه هست نا خوردن به
وز صحبتِ هر چه هست به تنهائي

---

revelations, or traditions, opposed to *Qur'án* (Koran), the "reading." So *srúti* is opposed to *smriti*.

462.

Why unripe grapes are sharp, prithee explain,
And then grow sweet, while wine is sharp again?
When one has carved a block into a lute,
Can he from that same block a pipe obtain?

463.

When dawn doth silver the dark firmament,
Why shrills the bird of dawning his lament?
It is to show in dawn's bright looking-glass
How of thy careless life a night is spent.

464.

Cupbearer, come! from thy full-throated ewer
Pour blood-red wine, the world's despite to cure!
Where can I find another friend like wine,
So genuine, so solacing, so pure?

---

462. L. N.
463. C. L. N. A. I. J. So Job, "Hast spread the

۴۶۲

در باغ چو بُد غوره ترش اوّلِ دی
شیرین ز چه گشت و تلخ چون آمد می
از چوب بتیشه گر کسی کرد رباب
وز تیشه چگوئی تو که میسازد نی

۴۶۳

داني که سپیده دم خروسِ سحری
هر لحظه چرا همیکند نوحه‌گري
یعني که نمودند در آئینهٔ صبح
کز عمر شبي گذشت و تو بیخبري

۴۶۴

در ده مِي لعلِ لاله گونِ صافي
بگشای ز حلقِ شیشه خونِ صافي
کامروز برون ز جامِ مي نیست مرا
یکدوست که دارد اندرونِ صافي

sky as a molten looking-glass."

464. C. L. N. A. I. J.

465.

Though you should sit in sage Aristo's room,
Or rival Cæsar on his throne of Rúm,
Drain Jamshed's goblet, for your end 's the tomb,
Yea, were you Bahram's self, your end 's the tomb!

466.

It chanced into a potter's shop I strayed,
He turned his wheel and deftly plied his trade,
And out of monarchs' heads, and beggars' feet,
Fair heads and handles for his pitchers made!

467.

If you have sense, true senselessness attain,
And the Etern Cupbearer's goblet drain;
If not, true senselessness is not for you,
Not every fool true senselessness can gain!

465. N. *Jamhúr*, a name of Buzurjimihr, *Wazír* of Nushirwán. *Faghfúr*, the Chinese emperor. In line 1 scan *Aristŭwŭ*, dissolving the long *u*.

۴۶۵

در حکمت اگر ارسطو و جمهوری
در قدرت اگرچه قیصر و فغفوری
مي نوش ز جام جم که گور آخر کار
گر بهرامي که عاقبت در گوری

۴۶۶

در کارگهِ کوزه‌گری کردم رای
در پایهٔ چرخ دیدم استاد بپاي
میکرد دلیر کوزه را دسته و سر
از کلّهٔ پادشاه و از پاي گدای

۴۶۷

رو بیخبري گزین اگر باخبري
تا از کفِ مستانِ ازل باده خوري
تو بیخبري بیخبري کارِ تو نیست
هر بیخبري را نرسد بیخبری

*466. C. N. L. A. I. J. *Páya,* "the treadle."

467. L. N. Meaning, the "truly mystical darkness of ignorance." See *Gulshan i Ráz*, p. 13.

468.

O Love! befōre you pass death's portal through,
And potters make their jugs of me and you,
Pour from this jug some wine, of headache void,
And fill your cup, and fill my goblet too!

469.

O Love! while yet you can, with tender art,
Lift sorrow's burden from your lover's heart;
Your wealth of graces will not always last,
But slip from your possession, and depart!

470.

Bestir thee, ere death's cup for thee shall flow,
And blows of ruthless fortune lay thee low;
Acquire some substance *here*, there is none *there*,
For those who thither empty-handed go!

468. C. L. N. A. I. J. Headache, in allusion to the wine of Paradise, Koran, lvi. 17.

469. C. L. N. A. I. J. Some MSS. read *zinhár* for

۴۶۸

زان بیشتر ای صنم که در رهگذری
خاكِ من و تو کوزه کند کوزه‌گری
زان کوزهٔ می که نیست در وی ضرری
پر کن قدحی بخور بمن ده دگری

۴۶۹

زینهار کنون که میتوانی باری
بر دار ز خاطرِ عزیزی باری
کین مملکت حسن نماند جاوید
از دستِ تو هَم برون رود یکباری

۴۷۰

زان پیش که از جامِ اجل مست شوی
زیرِ لکدِ حادثها پست شوی
سرمایه بدست آر اینجا کانجا
سودی نکنی اگر تهی دست شوی

zínhár, either will scan.

470. L. N. Line 2 is in metre 4. Meaning, "Work while it is day."

471.

Who framed the lots of quick and dead but
Thou?
Who turns the troublous wheel of heaven but
Thou?
Though we are sinful slaves, is it for Thee
To blame us? Who created us but Thou?

472.

O wine, most limpid, pure, and crystalline,
Would I could drench this silly frame of mine
With thee, that passers by might think
'twas thou,
And cry, "Whence comest thou, fair master
wine?"

473.

A Shaikh beheld a harlot, and quoth he,
"You seem a slave to drink and lechery;"
And she made answer, "What I seem I am,
But, Master, are you all you seem to be?"

471. L. N. A. I.
472. L. N.
473. L. N. The technical name of quatrains like

۴۷۱

سازندهٔ کارِ مرده و زنده توئي
دارندهٔ این چرخِ پراگنده توئي
من گرچه بدم خواجهٔ این بنده توئي
کسرا چه گنه نه آفریننده توئي

۴۷۲

اي بادهٔ ناب و اي میِ مینائی
چندان بخورم ترا منِ شیدائی
کز دور مرا هر که به بیند گوید
اي خواجه شراب از کجا میائی

۴۷۳

شیخي بزنِ فاحشه گفتا مستی
هر لحظه بدامِ دیگري پابستي
گفتا شیخا هر آنچه گوئي هستم
امّا تو چنانکه مینمائي هستی

this is *suwál o jawáb*, or *muráj'at*. Gladwin, Persian Rhetoric, p. 40.

474.

If, like a ball, earth to my house were borne,
When drunk, I'd rate it at a barley-corn;
Last night they offered me in pawn for wine,
But the rude vintner laughed that pledge to scorn.

475.

Now in thick clouds Thy face Thou dost immerse,
And now display it in this universe;
Thou the spectator, Thou the spectacle,
Sole to Thyself Thy glories dost rehearse.

476.

Better to make one soul rejoice with glee,
Than plant a desert with a colony;
Rather one freeman bind with chains of love,
Than set a thousand prisoned captives free!

---

474. C. L. N. A. I. J. Note the *yás i tankír* in *kuyé*, *juyé*, and *giruyé*.

475. C. L. N. A. I. J. Compare the Vulgate,

۴۷۴

عالم همه گر چو گوی افتد بکوئي
من مست و خراب خفته بر من بجوئي
دوشم بخرابات گرو میکردند
خمّار همیگفت که نیکو گروئي

۴۷۵

گه گشته نهان رُو بکسي ننمائي
گه در صورِ کون و مکان پیدائي
این جلوه‌گري بخویشتن بنمائي
خود عینِ عیانيّ و خودی بینائي

۴۷۶

گر رويِ زمین بجمله آباد کني
چندان نبود که خاطری شاد کني
گر بنده کني بلطف آزادیرا
بهتر که هزار بنده آزاد کني

ludens in orbe terrarum," and *Gulshan i Ráz*, p. 14.
476. L. N.

477.

O thou who for thy pleasure dost impart
A pang of sorrow to thy fellow's heart,
Go! mourn thy perished wit, and peace of mind,
Thyself hast slain them, like the fool thou art!

478.

Wherever you can get two maunds of wine,
Set to, and drink it like a libertine;
Whoso acts thus will set his spirit free
From saintly airs like yours, and grief like mine.

479.

So long as I possess two maunds of wine,
Bread of the flower of wheat, and mutton chine,
And you, O Tulip cheeks, to share my hut,
Not every Sultan's lot can vie with mine.

477. C. L. N. A. I. J.

478. C. L. N. A. B. I. J. *Chu mané*, "of one like me." So in No. 170, (the note to which is wrong.)

۴۷۷

گر شادیِ خویشتن بدان میدانی
کاسوده دلی را بغمی بنشانی
در ماتمِ عقلِ خویش باشی همه عمر
میدار مصیبت که عجب نادانی

۴۷۸

گر زانکه بدست آید از می دو منی
می خور تو بهر محفل و هر انجمنی
کانکس که چنان کرد فراغت دارد
از سبلتِ چون توئی و ریشِ چو منی

۴۷۹

گر دست دهد ز مغزِ گندم نانی
وز می دو منی ز گوسفندی رانی
با لاله رخی نشسته در ویرانی
عیشی بود این نه حدِّ هر سلطانی

Vullers, p. 254. Literally, "mustaches and beard."
479. C. L. N. A. B. I.

480.

They call you wicked, if to fame you're known,
And an intriguer, if you live alone;
Trust me, though you were Khizer or Elias,
'Tis best to know none, and of none be known.

481.

Yes! here am I with wine and feres again!
I did repent, but, ah! 'twas all in vain;
Preach not to me of Noah and his flood,
But pour a flood of wine to drown my pain!

482.

For union with my love I sigh in vain,
The pangs of absence I can scarce sustain,
My grief I dare not tell to any friend;
O trouble strange, sweet passion, bitter pain!

480. C. N. I.

481. C. L. N. A. I. J. *Táuba i Nassúh*, a repentance not to be repented of. Nicolas. In line 2, note the

۴۸۰

گر شهرهٔ شوي بشهر شرّ النّاسي
گر گوشه نشین شوي همه وسواسي
به زان نبود گر خضر و الیاسي
کس نشْناسد ترا تو کس نشْناسي

۴۸۱

ما و مي و معشوق و صبوح اي ساقي
از ما نبود توبهٔ نصوح اي ساقي
تا کي خواني قصّهٔ نوح اي ساقي
پیس آر سبك راحتِ روح اي ساقي

۴۸۲

نه سويِ وصالِ تو مرا دست رسي
نه طاقتِ هجرانِ تو دارم نفسي
نه زهره که باز گويم این غم بکسي
مشکل کاري طُرفه غمي خوش هوسي

---

izáfat dropped after silent *he*.

482. N. These quatrains are called *firákiya*, and are rare in Khayyám.

483.

'Tis dawn! I hear the loud Muezzin's call,
And here am I before the vintner's hall;
This is no time for piety. Be still!
And drop your talk and airs devotional!

484.

Angel of joyful foot! the dawn is nigh;
Pour wine, and lift your tuneful voice on high,
Sing how Jamsheds and Khosraus bit the dust,
Whelmed by the rolling months, from Tir to Dai!

485.

Frown not at revellers, I beg of thee,
For all thou keepest righteous company;
But drink, for, drink or no, 'tis all the same,
If doomed to hell, no heaven thou'lt ever see.

---

483. C. L. N. A. I. J.

484. C. L. N. A. I. *Tir* and *Dai*, April and December.

۴۸۳

هنگامِ صبوح است و خروش اي ساقي
ما و مي و كويِ ميفروش اي ساقي
چه جايِ صلاحست خموش اي ساقي
بگذر ز حديث و زهد نوش اي ساقي

۴۸۴

هنگامِ صبوح اى صنمِ فرّخ پي
بر ساز ترانهٔ و پيش آور مي
كافگند بخاك صد هزاران جم و كي
اين آمدنِ تيرمه و رفتنِ دي

۴۸۵

هان تا بر مستان بدرشتى نشوى
يا از درِ نيكوان بزشتى نشوى
مي خور كه بخوردن و بناخوردنِ مي
گر آلتِ دوزخي بهشتى نشوى

---

485. C. L. N. A. I. J. Koran, xvi. 38: "Some of them there were, whom Allah guided, and there were others doomed to err."

486.

I wish that Allah would rebuild these skies,
And earth, and that at once, before my eyes,
And either raze my name from off his roll,
Or else relievé my dire necessities!

487.

Lord! make thy bounty's cup for me to flow,
And bread unbegged for day by day bestow;
Yea, with thy wine make me beside myself,
No more to feel the headache of my woe!

488.

Omar! of burning heart, perchance to burn
In hell, and feed its bale-fires in thy turn,
Presume not to teach Allah clemency,
For who art thou to teach, or he to learn?'

---

486. N. This rather sins against Horace's canon, "Nec Deus intersit," &c.

487. C. L. N. A. I. J.

488. C. L. N. A. I. J. The Persian preface states

۴۸۶

یزدان خواهم جهان دگرگون کندي
واکنون کندي تا نگرم چون کندي
یا نام من از جریده بیرون کندي
یا روزیِ من ز غیب افزون کندي

۴۸۷

یا رب بکشاي بر منَ از رزق دري
بي منّتِ مخلوق رسان ما حضري
از باده چنان مست نگهدار مرا
کز بیخبري نباشدم دردِ سري

۴۸۸

اي سوختهٔ سوختهٔ سوختني
وي آتشِ دوزخ از تو افروختني
تا کي گوئي که بر عُمَر رحمت کن
حق را تو کجا و رحمت آموختني

---

that, after his death, Omar appeared to his mother in a dream, and repeated this quatrain to her. For the last line I am indebted to Mr. Fitzgerald.

489.

Cheer up! your lot was settled yesterday!
Heedless of all that you might do or say,
  Without so much as "By your leave" they fixed
Your lot for all the morrows yesterday!

490.

I never would have come, had I been asked,
I would as lief not go, if I were asked,
  And, to be short, I would annihilate
All coming, being, going, were I asked!

491.

Man is a cup, his soul the wine therein,
Flesh is a pipe, spirit the voice within;
  O Khayyam, have you fathomed what man is?
A magic lantern with a light therein!

489. C. L. A. B. I. Predestination.

490. C. L. N. (in part) A. B. I. J. So the Ecclesiast, "Therefore I hated life," &c.

۴۸۹

خوش باش که پخته اند سوداىِ تو دي
ايمن شده از همه تمنّاىِ تو دى
تو شاد بزي که بي تقاضاىِ تو دي
دادند قرارِ کارِ فرداىِ تو دي

۴۹۰

گر آمدنم بمن بُدی نامدمی
ور نیز شدن بمن بدی کی شدمي
به زان نبدی که اندر این عالمِ خاك
نه آمدمي نه شدمي نه بدمي

۴۹۱

آدم چو صراحي بود و روح چو مي
قالب چو ني بود صدائي در وي
داني چه بود آدمِ خاکي خیّام
فانوسِ خيالي و چراغي در وي

491. C. A. I. Note *mé* (for *mai*) rhyming with *we*; *We* is Turanian (Bl., Prosody, xvii.), and probably *me*, pronounced with the *Imála* (*ibid*, p. v.), is the same.

492.

O skyey wheel, all base men you supply
With baths, mills, and canals that run not dry,
While good men have to pawn their goods for bread:
Pray, who would give a fig for such a sky?

493.

A potter at his work I chanced to see,
Pounding some earth and shreds of pottery;
I looked with eyes of insight, and methought
'Twas Adam's dust with which he made so free!

494.

The Sáki knows my *genus properly*,
To all woe's *species* he holds a key;
Whene'er my *mood* is sad, he brings me wine,
And that makes all the *difference* to me!

492. B. L. In line 3, I read *nīh and* for *nĭhand*, which will not scan. Line 4 is slightly paraphrased.

493. C. L. A. I, J. Note the arrangement of the

۴۹۲

اي چرخ همه خسيس را چيز دهي
گرمابه و آسيا و كاريز دهي
آزاده بنانِ شب گروگان نه اند
شايد كه بر اينچنين فلك تيز دهي

۴۹۳

بر كوزه‌گري بزير كردم گذري
از خاك همي نمود هر دم تبري
من ديدم اگر نديد هر بي بصري
خاكِ پدرم بر كفِ هر كوزه‌گري

۴۹۴

چون جنس مرا خاصه بداند ساقي
صد فصل ز هر نوع براند ساقي
چون وا مانم برسمِ خود باده دهد
در حدِّ خودم در گذراند ساقي

---

prepositions *bar* . . . . *bazér*. Bl., Prosody, xiii.
494. C. L. A. I. A play on terms of Logic.

495.

Dame Fortune! all your acts and deeds confess
That you are foul oppression's votaress;
You cherish bad men, and annoy the good;
Is this from dotage, or sheer foolishness?

496.

You, who in carnal lusts your time employ,
Wearing your precious spirit with annoy,
Know that these things you set your heart upon
Sooner or later must the soul destroy!

497.

Hear from the spirit world this mystery:
Creation is summed up, O man, in thee;
Angel and demon, man and beast art thou,
Yea, thou *art* all thou dost *appear* to be!

495. C. L. A. I. J. *Mu'takif*, a devotee.

496. L. In line 4, L. writes *árīzúyī* with two *yas*, the second being reflexed under the first. Bl. (Prosody,

۴۹۵

اي دهر بکردهايِ خود معترفي
در خانقهِ جورِ و ستم معتكفي
نعمت بخسان دهي و زحمت بکسان
زين هردو برون نيست خري يا خرفي

۴۹۶

پيوسته ز بهرِ شهوتِ نفساني
اين جانِ شريف را همي رنجاني
آگاه نهٔ که آفتِ جانِ تو اند
انها که تو در آرزويِ ايشاني

۴۹۷

اي انكه خلاصهٔ چهار ارکاني
بشنو سخن از عالمِ روحاني
ديوي و ددي و مَلَك و انساني
با تست هرانچه مي نمائي آني

p. 12) approves this method. The second *yá* is the *yá i batni*, after conjunctive *ya*.

497. L. Man, the microcosm. Line 2 is one syllable short. Should we read *Sŭkhăné?*

498.

If popularity you would ensue,
Speak well of Moslem, Christian, and Jew;
So shall you be esteemed of great and small,
And none will venture to speak ill of you.

499.

O wheel of heaven, what have I done to you,
That you should thus annoy me? Tell me true;
To get a drink I have to cringe and stoop,
And for my bread you make me beg and sue.

500.

No longer hug your grief and vain despair,
But in this unjust world be just and fair;
And since the issue of the world is naught,
Think you are naught, and so shake off dull care!

498. L.
499. L. *Abrúy*, 'honour.'

FINIS.

۴۹۸

خواهي كه پسنديدهٔ آنام شوي
مقبول قبولِ خاصه و عام شوي
اندر پيِ مومن و جهود و ترسا
بد گوي مباش تا نكونام شوي

۴۹۹

اي چرخ چه كرده ام ترا راست بگوي
پيوسته فگندهٔ مرا در تگ و پوي
نانم ندهي تا نبري كوي بكوي
ابم ندهي تا نبري آب ز روي

۵۰۰

چندين غمِ بيهوده مخور شاد بزي
و اندر رهِ بيداد تو باداد بزي
چون آخرِ كار اين جهان نيستي است
انگار كه نيستي و آزاد بزي

500. L. B. In line 3 scan *nésătiyast*.

تمام شد

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